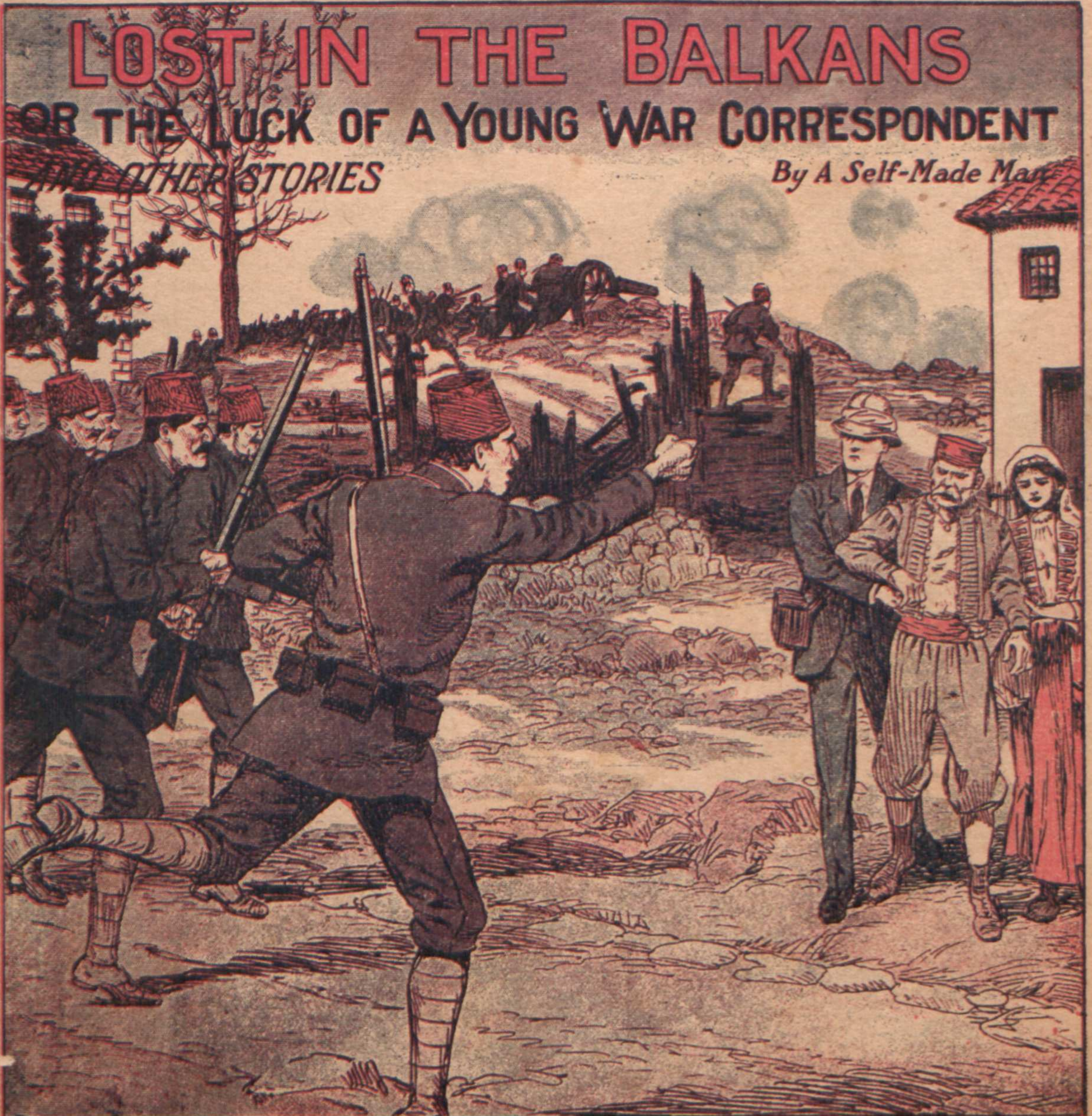


FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.



LOST IN THE BALKANS

OR THE LUCK OF A YOUNG WAR CORRESPONDENT

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man

"Aha, you old dotard, I have you at last!" cried Mustapha Hamet, rushing at the group with upraised fist, followed by his men. The old Bulgarian did not budge an inch. He regarded the Turkish officer with scornful defiance.

of 7-18-23

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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LOST IN THE BALKANS

OR, THE LUCK OF A YOUNG WAR CORRESPONDENT

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Jack Wood, Newspaper Correspondent.

"Your name is Jack Wood, American?" asked a Turkish official, in excellent English, of a smart-looking lad, as the two stood on the quay at Salonica.

The official was examining the boy's passport, for he had just arrived by steamer from Smyrna. His grip, containing the most necessary articles he could pack into a small compass, stood at his feet. Behind him glistened the waters of the harbor in the noonday sun. A ship or two flaunting foreign flags, a few sloops and schooners, the steamer he had come on, and innumerable small boats, dotted its surface. Facing him was the long quay, not over wide, lined on one side with pretentious-looking edifices, solid and substantial. Men were constantly passing up and down, under the shade of the awnings, or in sun where awnings were missing, perspiring more or less, for the heat was intense. The Turkish fez predominated, but the effect of the scene was European.

Although everything looked peaceful to the casual eye, yet at that moment, and for a long time past, Salonica was, behind the scenes, a smoldering volcano. It was hard to realize that this town of merchant palaces, fine cafes and splendid buildings, was part and parcel of terror-stricken Macedonia; that the inhabitants would start at the mere banging of a door—the result of months of nervous tension. The Balkan War had not yet broken out, but no man could say when that end of Europe would be the scene of desperate carnage. Greece on the south; Serbia, Roumelia, Bulgaria and Roumania on the north, were like seething cauldrons, or war dogs held in leash. The question was which would be the one to start the ball rolling. And the object of all was the extinguishment of Turkey in Europe—the driving of the crescent across the sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus. It was coming, as sure as the sun shone that noonday on the quay, and the Turk knew what he was up against, and did he quail and cower at the inevitable? Not he. Rather was he defiant. He believed no power could prevail against his strength. Though shorn of much of his former possessions, he was in Europe to stay. He was sneeringly indifferent to the lowering future.

That very morning, as our hero learned later, among other things, five Bulgarians had been bastinadoed till their feet ran blood, because they asked the officer who impressed them into work-

ing on the railroad to be allowed to return to their village for one day to gather in the remains of their crops. Such incidents were common, and they were mild in comparison with others, the recital of which would chill the blood. Jack Wood nodded as the official read his name and nationality on the document. After a question or two more, the Turk put his O. K. on the passport and returned it to the boy. Jack asked where the American Consulate was. The official said it was several blocks up the quay. The tramcar that passed occasionally that way on the single track line would take him past the building, which he couldn't miss, as it displayed an American flag. To make sure, he would give him a paper to hand to the man who officiated as conductor of the car.

Jack waited under an awning for an antiquated car to come along. He boarded it, handed the man a piece of money, and received some small change. Then he gave the man the paper. As the car glided along the young American noticed sentries posted at every corner, which looked as though the town were under martial law. Patrols marched to and fro, and Jack afterward learned that the narrow, noisome alleys hidden behind the houses were thronged with Turkish riff-raff. He also learned that every bank and public building was guarded. At length the conductor stopped the car, pointed at a nearby building, and said something in Turkish which Jack understood to mean that the consulate was there. Then he noticed a small American flag hanging out of a second-story window. He got off, entered the building and marched upstairs. The door facing him bore the words, "American Consulate." He walked in and laid his grip on the counter. A good-looking lad about his own age came forward from a desk.

"I have a letter for Mr. White. Is he in?" said Jack.

"No, he's out at present. Is it important?" asked the boy.

"It is—to me. It is a note of introduction from the managing editor of the 'Daily Planet,' of New York City, to Consul White."

"Mr. White is my father. Come in. I am glad to meet a countryman fresh from the States, as I suppose you are."

"Yes; I came by way of Gibraltar, Malta, Crete and Smyrna."

"Your name is——"

"Jack Wood."

"Mine is Dick White."

The boys shook hands and a friendly feeling was established between them at once. Dick led the way in his father's private room, and they sat down facing each other.

"You have come here on business connected with your paper, I presume?" began Dick. "This is hardly a place to visit on mere pleasure just now. I wish I were out of it."

"Yes. I am here to gather inside news concerning the situation. War is looked for at any moment, and the 'Planet' wants to have a correspondent on the ground."

"I don't envy your assignment, old man," said Dick, in a familiar way. "You could hardly have come to a worse hole. I hope you have plenty of nerve, for you'll need it. Are you anything of a linguist? English alone doesn't count for much in this quarter of the globe."

"I talk French, German and Spanish, and I spent a month in New York among the Bulgarian and Roumanian residents picking up what I could. I hobnobbed with a Turk on the steamer, and have a list of common expressions as long as your arm in a memorandum book which I have been studying. I've got a tough job before me, and haven't the faintest idea how I shall come out, but I intend to get through somehow."

Jack spoke resolutely, and his expression showed he meant business, and it would take something out of the usual to sidetrack him.

"I guess you've got plenty of sand, Wood, but you need luck as well as nerve to carry you along," said Dick. "Things are redhot in this town, and a thousand times worse out in the provinces. There was a man in here a while ago who arrived on the train from Demirkapa. He reported the arrival of a regiment of Albanians, who are in the Turkish service. They came the night before, and lost no time in burning a village. He said they were as villainous and cruel a lot of men as he had ever seen, and he has had opportunities of seeing a lot. The landlady of the inn where he got a meal cursed their presence in the place. She told him she heard shots, and yells, and despairing screams all night long. As for murders, they have become so common that the people hear of them with no more feeling now than when told of a hen laying an egg, or some other small incident."

"A pleasant country to be in," remarked the young newspaper man.

"Don't mention it," grinned Dick. "Do you know, I've taken a liking to you, Wood. I hope you'll stay here some time."

"I don't expect to. I have a lot of ground to cover, and as I understand travel is slow, even on the railroads, I can't do any loafing, no matter how pleasant it might strike me. We newspaper men, when on duty, are not expected to rest."

"But you are awfully young to be sent on what I judge to be an important mission."

"I was picked out because I have demonstrated that I can do things; and also on my general proficiency as a linguist. I have a natural aptitude for picking up foreign tongues. If I stayed in this town a month I'll bet I could go anywhere around it and make myself understood. How do you get on with the language?"

"Not at all. English is good enough for me,

and the sign language comes next. I can talk a little French and German, but it's so little that I guess I could squeeze the whole of it into my vest pocket."

"How long have you been here?"

"About a year."

"Then you're used to the manners and customs of the town."

"Oh, yes. I get along all right, though I run against a snag once in a while. Most of the people who belong to the club can speak English more or less fluently. What we need here is a warship—several of them, in fact. They have been called for several times, but are slower than molasses in getting here. I imagine that the Turkish Government objects to their presence and has intimated its sentiments. There are a good many British subjects in business here, and they are perfectly aware that their lives and property are not safe. If the populace take to throwing bombs again, there is little doubt what will happen unless the British warships arrive in time."

"I had no idea that things were as bad here as you make them out to be."

"They are worse than we have any idea of. Look at the soldiers standing guard in every part of the city. That means the authorities are in touch with the situation and are trying to keep the lid on."

"What's the real trouble in this place?"

"Well, one thing is that the line between opulence and misery is too strongly drawn. Even the soldiers are half starved, and go begging from door to door."

"Aren't they paid and fed?"

"Their pay is in arrears and their feed is short commons. The merchants, officials and others of like class, are sleek and fat. They live well, and their wives and daughters dress away out of sight. You'll get a sight of them towards evening, after dinner, driving or strolling about, enjoying the evening breeze. The poor see them, and the effect on them is mighty bad. An empty stomach and a hopeless prospect, under such circumstances, are the right fuel for anarchy."

"That's right," nodded Jack.

At that moment Consul White came in, and, his son beating a retreat, Jack handed him the unsealed note of introduction.

Mr. White read it, then shook hands with the boy and said he was glad to make his acquaintance.

"It will give me great pleasure to assist you in any way, Mr. Wood," he said. "Your managing editor is a personal friend of mine, and he has put his request in strong terms. He evidently had a line on the general state of affairs out here, but you will soon be able to furnish him with a few wrinkles he does not dream about. I will introduce you to the correspondent of the London 'Daily Moon,' and I will also make you acquainted with the London 'Times' man. Both make their headquarters at the club. That's the place to hear all the news that leaks out."

"I dare say, sir, but my mission is to get hold of news that does not leak out," said Jack.

"That's impossible," said the consul, shaking his head.

"Nothing is impossible to the newspaper man

who knows his business. The word isn't in our dictionary," said Jack.

"I know," smiled Mr. White, "but remember you are not in America, or some other real civilized land. Here the newspaper man is the creature of circumstances."

"He must make circumstances serve him."

"My dear young man, I admire your newspaper sagacity, and your natural grit, but do not try for what is beyond you. If you do—well, you are likely to disappear unaccountably, and that will be the end of you. Having friends at your back, polite notes will pass between our diplomatic service and the Government. A strong effort will apparently be made to find out what has become of you; but it will end in nothing being done. No man's life is safe in this country now. Foreigners, like yourself, have some advantage under ordinary conditions, for the soldiers have strict orders not to fire on a European; but where such a considerable proportion of the privates are of imperfect intelligence, and many totally savage, mistakes will happen. It is little comfort for you to reflect that if you were killed through one of these mistakes, that the soldier would be hanged with much pomp after our Ambassador at the Porte has energetically demanded retribution for your murder. It is bad enough to face such things, but to look for trouble, as your remark indicates, it is simply suicidal," said Mr. White.

"Well, sir, you ought to know," said Jack.

"A man in my position is bound to know what is going on within his ken, though not absolutely. In Washington the Government can hardly make the slightest move without the press bureau learning the chief facts right away. The newspaper men seem to be in touch with a thousand channels of information. But here it is very different. Officials that learn important things here may not always whisper them abroad, for there is a spy at your elbow when you dream not of it, and should the official be indiscreet he is apt to find out his mistake very soon," said Mr. White. "As my son is about your age, and I think you will find him good company, I will turn you over to him, and direct him to show you the town as far as it is prudent for you to become acquainted with it. I will see you later myself at the club."

He rang a bell, and Dick came in.

"Let me make you acquainted with——" began his father.

"Jack Wood. I know. We have already become acquainted while waiting for you to come back," said Dick. "I suppose you want me to take him under my wing until he is able to look around on his own hook. I will do it. You want to go to the hotel, old man," to Jack. "And get your baggage (luggage we call it here) from the steamer. Well, I am at your service."

With a few words of thanks, and a bow to Mr. White, Jack followed Dick out of the room.

CHAPTER II.—Jack and Dick Leave Salonica.

Jack registered at the hotel in the usual form, was shown to a room, accompanied by Dick, who talked glibly to him while he was washing up and tidying himself. They went into the dining-room

to partake of the light mid-day meal, and when they came out they started down the quay to see about getting Jack's small trunk ashore. This matter was duly arranged, and then they went into a cafe, for it was too hot to stroll about then. Dick took Jack home with him to dine with the family. Then the boys went to the Alhambra to hear the band. From their seats they could see the moon's soft rays dancing on the waters of the bay. A friend of Dick's joined them, and Jack was introduced to him simply as a visitor to Salonica and not as a newspaper correspondent.

The friend brought news from the mountains—of trains blown up and skirmishes on the very outskirts of the town. Jack was willing to believe that he had struck a lively part of the world. Later they went to the club, where Jack was introduced to the English newspaper men, but not as a correspondent and news reporter. He had told the Whites that his business must be kept secret for the present. Dick saw Jack to his hotel, the boys passing several sentries crouching in the dark, and wished him good-night. Two weeks passed, and during this time Jack became thoroughly acquainted with Salonica as Dick knew it, and better acquainted with it on his own hook. Several times he was held up by the sentries, but the production of a small American flag he carried in his pocket, and his evident foreign look, saved him from trouble. He took lessons in the Turkish language from a professor of languages in the city, and made rapid progress. He sent off a long letter and several cable dispatches to his paper. These contained news of importance he had secured through the regular channels open to him, as well as to the other newspaper correspondents.

Lots of things were happening, however, that no outsider got hold of, or were likely to, until after the ends aimed at were achieved, or continued secrecy ceased to be of importance. Every evening Jack and Dick mingled with the upper crust of Salonica, either on horseback or on foot. The wives and pretty daughters of the merchants, officials and others were as smartly dressed as could be seen in any city. They appeared to take life as easy as people of money and social position take it anywhere, notwithstanding the perilous condition of things. Among the crowd Jack noticed one Turk in particular. He was an officer in some regiment held in reserve in or near the city. Jack took an instant dislike to the man the first time he saw him in the crowd. He seemed to be well known, for he bowed to half of the people he passed.

"Do you know who that chap is?" he asked Dick.

"Which particular chap do you refer to?" asked his friend.

As it isn't polite to point at a person, Jack had some difficulty in getting Dick's attention upon the object of his curiosity.

"Oh, that officer?" said Dick. "Why, that's Mustapha Hamet."

"Everybody appears to know him."

"Sure they do. He's a high-roller in society here when his military duties do not take him away. He's a wealthy duck. Has his own private harem like the big wigs along the Bos-

phorus. I don't know how many wives he has, but he has a number, and report says there are none finer, even in the palace of the Sultan. His chief wife is a Circassian beauty that he inherited with his wealth from his uncle, who was a Pasha."

"I should like to see the lady—all the ladies, in fact," said Jack.

"You've as much chance as flying to the moon. His wives, like others of their kind, are kept under cover. They are slaves, for they are bought and sold like chattels; but they are not like ordinary slaves—they live in gilded cages and subsist on the fat of the land."

"I thought he was a swell guy. If he's wealthy, why does he stick to the army? If war breaks out, as it seems likely to do at any moment, he'll have to leave his wives and his fine house and go and fight like any other officer."

"Oh, it's the proper caper for him to follow the profession he was brought up in. It wouldn't do for him to quit if he wanted to, and I don't believe he wants to."

"Well, I don't like his face. It's the face of a man that isn't to be trusted."

"Oh, the woods are full of those kind of men," said Dick, carelessly.

Another week passed, and then Jack told Dick that he was thinking of going further afield to get his news first hand. Dick looked solemn.

"I'm afraid you're tempting Providence," he said.

"I can't help what I'm tempting, I didn't come to this region to hang around Salonica. The only reason I've been here as long as I have was to pick up the Turkish lingo to carry me into Bulgaria."

"Are you going into that country?"

"If I survive long enough I am."

"I hate to lose you, for life has been different with me since you turned up. I shall feel like a fish out of water when you are gone."

"I should like to hang around here a while longer, for we pull together mighty well; but when duty calls, a fellow has got to respond. I received a cipher message from my chief to try and find out certain things, and I've got to get a move on. I intend to take the train for Monastir tomorrow."

Dick returned home that night feeling glum over the approaching loss of his new friend. He admired Jack for his many sterling qualities, not the least of which was his nerve and easy assurance. Imagine his joy, then, when his father told him that he had a very important document to be transmitted to the American consul at Monastir which he would have to carry there by the morning train.

"It will be a good chance for Wood to get a look-in at the town under favorable conditions. As you are going there in an official capacity, it will make some difference in your reception and general treatment," said his father.

"You couldn't have sent me at a better time, for Jack has arranged to go on to Monastir tomorrow himself, en route to—but that's tellings."

"Hum! If that is the case, I must recommend him to the good offices of the consul you are going to visit, for when you leave him to return,

he will be thrown on his own resources in a dangerous part of the country."

"If anybody can take care of himself under any and all circumstances, take it from me, Jack can."

"I believe you. He's an uncommon young fellow, and a fine chap. I have taken a great liking to him, and I should feel very sorry if anything serious happened to him. While it is true that Europeans and Americans come under the head, are not molested under ordinary circumstances, the fact that Wood is a newspaper correspondent is going to attract suspicion to him the moment his calling gets out. If he goes prying around the hospitals, as he is likely to do, he is going to be watched. I've got it from people who know that the hospitals of Macedonia hide facts that would start a protest from many quarters, and the authorities are taking every precaution to prevent these facts from getting to the eyes of the world through the press. The newspaper correspondents here have pulled every wire they can reach in an effort to get an insight behind the scenes, but without avail. Wood would be more than human if he succeeded. He's just the kind of chap to get there if he can, and there is no telling what might happen to him. I hope you will warn him."

"Sure I will. That is what I've been doing ever since he came here, and I've had the time of my life preventing him from taking rash risks that would have taken all the influence of our Ambassador to get him out of it if he survived the proceedings. I believe Jack doesn't know what the word fear means, but he recognizes the limitations that surround him when I point them out."

Next morning Dick was at the hotel early and reached Jack's room before he came down to breakfast.

"I've great news for you, old man," said Dick, his face all aglow.

"Has war broken out during the night?" asked Jack, as he fixed his tie.

"Not that I'm aware of."

"What's your great news, then? The Sultan hasn't died of heart failure, has he?"

"No such luck. I'm going to Monastir this morning on official business."

"The dickens you are!" ejaculated Jack in surprise.

"We'll go together, that will give you the chance to travel under my wing."

"Under your wing, eh? Do you think I need a protector?"

"A person needs all he can get and more, too, in this country nowadays."

"Well, I shall be very glad to have your company, Dick. I wish you were going to be my steady companion, for I'm not very well grounded yet in the different jargons I shall run up against. I know enough Turkish to squeeze through a knothole with, but I'm not giving the fact away. The other evening I had a run-in with a sentry out at—but I won't tell you, lest you have an attack of heart failure at my nerve. I was after inside information which, owing to the sentry, I didn't get."

"You didn't tell me this before. Haven't I warned you—"

"Of course you have, but in the line of duty, a

warning cuts a small figure with me. I'd rather die with my boots on in a good cause than—but no matter about that, what I was going to say is the rascal ordered me away in his execrable language, which I pretended not to understand, though I did, all right—that is, the sense of it. As I didn't obey fast enough to suit him, he called me a kopek."

"What does that mean?"

"I blush for your ignorance, Dick. You've been a year in this town and yet you assert that you don't know what kopek means. It has an innocent meaning in our language. It is dog. But as applied by these Turks, under the circumstances I was up against, it was a rank insult. I would have knocked the fellow down only his gun was cocked and he had it jammed against my chest. If I hadn't prudently retired and said nothing further I'd probably gone to the morgue and the fellow would have been executed in due course for shooting an American citizen—that is, an embryo one, for I'm not old enough to vote yet, but his subsequent fate wouldn't have afforded me or my people at home any particular satisfaction."

"Well, hurry up. You've got to eat yet. I hope you have no packing to do, for if you have the train won't wait for you."

"I shall take nothing with me but my grip, and that is all ready. I will meet you at the station in ample time to catch the train."

The boys separated in the rotunda, Dick going to the consulate and Jack in to breakfast. They came together again at the station, ready for their journey. The train, consisting of several closely barred vans at the head, followed by a number of carriages, stood opposite the station-house, but though the time for starting had nearly come, the engine was yet missing. The only passengers in the carriage appeared to be officers and officials. The general public were not doing any more traveling than they could help at this time, for a railroad trip possessed attractions of a more strenuous than pleasant nature. Only two days before the Salonica papers reported the discovery, in the nick of time, of a mine planted at one of the spidery-looking viaducts, which was intended to blow up the first train that came passing that way. Every bridge and tunnel was guarded by soldiers, but in spite of that fact it was a toss-up whether a train got through in safety or not. Under such conditions the reader may wonder that Consul White would send his son to Monastir. As the business was imperative, and of a nature that could not be trusted to even a clerk, he either had to go himself or send Dick. As, of the two, Dick could best be spared from the consulate, he was selected. While the boys stood on the platform waiting for the locomotive to hitch on before taking their places in the hot, stuffy carriages, a file of soldiers appeared driving along a crowd of the most wretched looking human beings Jack had ever seen, or even dreamed of. Their arms were tightly bound behind their backs, and they staggered from sheer weakness. Jack inquired of an officer, in English, who they were. The officer stared at him. The young newspaper reporter repeated his inquiry in French. Then he was answered—that the people were insurgents cap-

tured in a recent fight. When he told Dick, that lad replied:

"Don't you believe it. Those people are Bulgarian villagers. They've escaped from some massacre, and after starving in the mountains they had to show themselves in the valleys and were caught and brought here by the soldiers. They're not wanted in this town, and are being sent to Monastir."

They were driven into the vans like sheep and locked in. The soldiers got into the two following carriages. Presently the locomotive made its appearance, and three-quarters of an hour after the advertised starting time the train pulled out of the town and started upon its doubtful journey.

CHAPTER III.—At Monastir.

"Say, this train puts me in mind of a country branch line I traveled over once on a time," said Jack, after they had gone ten miles or so across the Salonica valley at a pace that was exasperatingly slow at any time, but more so with the temperature at almost boiling point. "I made that trip in August when the blackberries were growing plentifully along the side of the road-bed. Believe me, that train went so slow that I got out and picked blackberries till I got tired of it."

"I don't doubt you," grinned Dick.

The train slowed down and came to a stop with a jolt.

"Now what's wrong?" said Jack, sticking his head out of one window while Dick poked his out of the opposite one.

"We're at the end of the valley," said Dick, "and there's a viaduct ahead—a small, low stone one. See the sentry posted there? He's talking to the conductor. I suppose he's passing us a warning."

In a few minutes the train went on again. Fifteen minutes later they halted at a village. An official came to their carriage, examined Jack's passport and signed it at once when he found out that the young newspaper man was in company with a consular representative.

"I've saved you some annoyance," said Dick. "Mere travelers are viewed with suspicion. You see, the officials don't believe that a plain foreigner will run the risks of the times merely to view the country, and they are right. Nobody travels nowadays but those who have to, or have some strong object in doing so. The authorities suspect the object of every foreigner, and make things as unpleasant as possible for them. As long as you are with me you will escape this scrutiny unless you deliberately put yourself in the way of it."

At every station the boys encountered a wearisome wait. Soldiers crowded around the train and inspected the passengers. The boys received more scowls than friendly looks. A few peasants got in and out, and officers exchanged greetings with comrades in charge of the line. At a place which Dick told his friend was Demirkapa the train stopped so the passengers could get much-needed refreshment. As a whole, the trip was without any exciting incident, and the train went

through all right. Viewed from a little distance, Monastir presented a smiling picture of green trees, above which towered a few minarets. The sun was sinking when they got to the town, but its last rays were shut off by the great hills which rose gently from this bed of green. At first one had only an occasional glimpse of a red-tiled roof, and little blue spirals of smoke rising into the clear mountain atmosphere. Across the still air came the sound of bugles. Along the broad and dusty avenue a crowd of people was streaming toward the little station, which was on the very outskirts of the town. As soon as the train halted the boys got out of the carriage and were starting for the town proper, when they were halted by an official who wanted to see their passports. As Jack pulled out his, Dick showed his credentials from the Salonica consulate, and they were quickly passed.

"You see there's magic in being connected with official life," said Dick. "I don't know how you're going to keep out of trouble after we part. If you were merely traveling to get out of the country you would be passed along speedily, for your room is more desirable than your company. As long as an ordinary foreigner remains in this hotbed he is liable to be shot by mistake, or otherwise, and as the authorities in that case are called on for an explanation and reparation, they want to get him out of the danger zone. As a newspaper correspondent you are liable at any moment to be taken for a spy. If the authorities have any reason for believing that you have acquired information that they don't want to get into print, you'll never escape alive. My father told me to warn you on this point, and when you present your letters of introduction to other consuls, they will advise you to the same effect."

"My dear fellow, I appreciate all you have said," said Jack. "I know it is the truth, but what am I over here for? It is to get the news, and I am going to get it or bust. I know I am taking my life in my hands. When I left New York I was fully aware that I was not starting on a picnic. I admit that the outlook is a whole lot worse than I dreamed, but having put my shoulder to the wheel, I cannot back out. I am here to do my duty, and after we part, should you never hear of me again, you will know that I died in the execution of it."

They were walking up the crowded Main street, and the boys spoke low so as to prevent their conversation from being overheard. Citizens, soldiers, officers, one and all Turks, were enjoying the brief spell of twilight. Not one European headgear was to be seen, either in the streets or in the open-air cafes. They themselves wore fezes, though Jack carried a soft cap in his grip for future use. Patrols of armed soldiers marched past continuously, and at every street corner stood sentries. Jack had already become accustomed to the sight of soldiers in every quarter, but their presence never failed to impress him with a feeling of some hidden danger. They went directly to the best hotel and registered. Dick attended to this formality, and was careful to enclose their names with a brace, and write "from the American Consulate at Salonica." He knew that the register would be inspected, and the magic of official life would allay suspicion. Immediately afterward they hired a rig and were

driven off to the home of the American consul to whom Dick bore the packet. They received a warm welcome there and stayed to dinner, which was served at the time of their arrival.

After spending a pleasant evening they returned to the hotel. Dick's father had told him not to linger in Monastir, but that didn't mean he was to rush back the next day, which he would have been required to do but for Jack. Next morning Jack was ready for business. He wanted to make a round of the hospitals, for the English newspaper men half filled his ears with stories about the secrets hidden within their walls.

"We'll have to get a permit from the proper authority," said Dick. "Our consul here will get it for you, but take it from me we will see only the surface and not what you are after."

The permit was obtained and the boys started for the military hospital. Dick was not interested in the unpleasant sights behind the walls, but he went to be company for Jack, who was not so curious about the sights as the chance to interview some of the unfortunates lying there. He did not bring a note-book, since he knew that would not be tolerated, but he had a good memory, and he depended on that. We will not dwell on what the boys saw and heard at the hospital. They were accompanied around one of the wards by a doctor. The first patient they saw insisted on showing them a terrible scalp wound wantonly given her by a Turkish soldier, she said, at the burning of the village where she lived. The doctor smiled and told them that the woman was out of her head because of her wound—a fact that did not seem unreasonable.

He said a mountain brigand had gashed her, and she would have been killed but for the Turkish soldiers. Her presence in the hospital was evidence enough to show that the soldiers had been good to her, he said, and Jack took his statement for what he thought it was worth. Another old woman raised a pitiful howl because she said Jack reminded her of a son she saw hacked to pieces under circumstances which the doctor denied. Jack got the ear of a girlish woman long enough to learn from her that the soldiers had torn her infant from her arms and tossed it into the flames of her burning home. After going through the ward the doctor told them they had seen everything, but the boys knew better. They had only seen the least, but though Jack used his persuasive tongue on the man, they were not permitted to go further.

After leaving the hospital they strolled up the side of the steep hill where there was a collection of houses bordering on the Turkish cemetery. It was densely packed with human beings, as many as ten families in one room, Jack was informed by the first civil sentry he had met. The dwellers were not permitted to leave the small walled-in courtyards before the houses. A small bribe enabled Jack to slip into one of these enclosures, where he learned enough, imperfectly as he heard the stories, to turn his head gray. The boys returned to the consulate, and then went to the hotel for lunch. After the meal Jack gave Dick the slip and went off on his own hook. He put in a strenuous afternoon, but he gained a lot of inside news. How he managed it, with soldiers and spies all around, was little short of a miracle,

but he did and escaped scot free. He found Dick in a funk over his disappearance.

"Where have you been?" said Dick.

"On forbidden ground. If I told you all your hair would stand on end. I'm going to do some writing now. You must start for Salonica in the morning with my letter to the 'Planet.' You must see that it gets out under official cover. The news I am sending would never be allowed to escape by cable, or through the mails, in the ordinary way."

"Are you going to remain here?"

"No. To-morrow I head for the Balkans."

CHAPTER IV.—Jack Saves Buto, the Bulgarian.

After dinner the boys went out for their last stroll together. Jack was as gay as though he were going to a picnic next day instead of on a tour, the peril of which was no uncertain quantity. Dick, on the contrary, was down in the mouth. He was about to lose his new friend and boon companion, and he feared he would never see him again.

"Oh, cheer up, old man," said Jack, as they struck the suburbs. "Upon my word, you put me in mind of a sore-eyed mule. I wish something would turn up, if only to scare you into a better——"

The sentence was interrupted by a scream from a house close by.

"Hello!" cried Jack. "There's something wrong in there. A woman in trouble."

The scream was repeated.

"Come on," cried Jack, dashing forward before Dick could stop him.

"He's rushing into trouble," breathed Dick, in some alarm; "but I can't desert him. I wouldn't be a real American if I did."

He followed after Jack, who entered the house through the open front door. The screams proceeded from the front room, and Jack burst in there with little ceremony. He found a thick-set, elderly man trying to defend himself with a chair against the sword of a Turkish officer, whose face was inflamed with anger, and whose movements, fortunately for the attacked one, were impeded by a dark-eyed girl of no little beauty. The elderly man was bleeding from a slight wound on his arm, and as he was being forced into a corner his fate would have soon been sealed but for the arrival of the young American. Under the circumstances Jack saw the necessity of acting first and seeking an explanation of the situation afterward.

"Here, cut that out!" he cried in English, leaping on the officer and bringing him to the floor.

The Turk's sword fell to the ground and the boy snatched it up and presented the point of the blade at the officer's breast. Then it was he recognized the man. The officer was Mustapha Hamet, the gilded dude of Salonica. Jack could hardly have done a rasher act, for Mustapha was no common personage, and stood high with Nazir Pasha, the ruling power of the town and neighborhood. With a furious exclamation Hamet sprang on his feet.

"Dog of a Giaour, this instant you die!"

He whisked out his revolver, and Jack assured-

ly would have died with his boots on then and there, but for his friend Dick, who rushed in and knocked up the weapon. Simultaneously with the movement the revolver went off, and the bullet pierced the ceiling. Jack stepped forward and struck the officer full on the point of the chin with his fist, and he went down, knocked out as clean as a whistle.

"Holy smoke! It's Mustapha Hamet!" gasped Dick.

"Well, suppose it is," replied Jack coolly. "He hasn't got more than was coming to him. He would have stabbed this old man if I hadn't interfered."

"This is going to lead to all kinds of trouble for us. We'll have to put up at the consul's house to-night, and stay there until the matter has been adjusted. To strike a Turkish officer, and Mustapha Hamet of all men, is equivalent to signing one's death warrant. The only thing that can protect us is the American flag, and it's a question whether that will save your life even after the matter has been explained. You are likely to be shot on sight by one of Hamet's men."

"Well, I've done my duty, and I can die but once," said Jack.

At that point the elderly man came forward and seized one of his hands. The girl seized the other and carried it to her lips.

"Heaven bless you, my brave boy," said the man in Bulgarian. "You have saved my life."

"Bless you, bless you!" cried the girl, "you have preserved my father."

Jack's knowledge of the Bulgarian language was so imperfect that they might as well have addressed him in Chinese for all he understood.

"I don't understand you," he said in French, on the chance that the man understood that language.

He did, and could speak it quite fluently, as could his daughter. He proceeded to thank Jack in that language, and express his eternal gratitude. He hurriedly explained that the officer had attacked him because he had resented his insulting behavior toward his daughter.

"We do not know the man," he said. "He came in here and made himself at home. He was insultingly familiar to my Mira, and when I protested he told me that he had taken a fancy to my child and would purchase her of me for a sum that he mentioned, and take her to adorn his harem in Salonica. If I refused his offer he would see that he got her anyway."

"What a scoundrel!" said Jack.

"I was incensed at his language, for I am a Bulgarian, and no common one. I take an insult from no man. What I said to him aroused his anger, and with an oath he drew his sword and sprang at me. I barely had time to snatch up a chair and parry his thrust. As it was, but for my daughter I must have been killed, and but for your intervention I could not have escaped. Once more I thank and bless you."

"What is your name?" asked Jack.

"Buto. My daughter is Mira. You are a foreigner, either English or American. I would know your name."

"Jack Wood, American."

Buto explained that he and his daughter were visiting a relative, Marko my name, who was connected with the Monastir Bank, and that this was

his house. That accounted for the fact that he and his daughter happened to be in the house alone. Dick stood by in a state of nervous excitement, while Jack conversed with the Bulgarian, keeping a close watch on the senseless Mustapha Hamet. He knew that Jack had got himself into a dangerous predicament, and he wasn't sure but he was in it, too, as his aider and abettor.

"Come, Jack, let us go," he said.

"One moment, old man," he said.

Turning to the Bulgarian, he asked him what he intended doing under the circumstances. Buto said he proposed to start for his native village in Bulgaria at once. He knew his life, and probably that of his daughter, was not safe now in Monastir. They must start for the mountains without delay, so that by sunrise they would be well on their journey.

"As this fellow may regain his senses any moment and prevent you from getting away, he had better be bound and gagged and taken into a back room," said Jack.

The Bulgarian perceived the necessity of such action, and the boys helped him follow out Jack's suggestion. Jack learned they had a carriage and a pair of horses, which had brought them to Monastir, and that they could depart in half an hour. He asked Buto if he could accompany them, as he was bound for the border of Bulgaria. It would be a lift for him, as he had expected to go on foot.

"We will be very glad to have your company, and I hope you will go to my home and enjoy its hospitality for as long as possible," said the Bulgarian.

Mira seemed delighted at the prospect of having Jack's company, and told him that nothing would please her better.

"I will go to the hotel for my grip and will return in about half an hour, by which time I shall expect to find you ready to start," said Jack.

He and Dick then departed, after telling Buto to place the lamp in the window of the room so he would know the house when he came back.

"I leave you to make your explanation and your peace with Mustapha Hamet and the authorities," said Jack to his friend. "That you ought easily to do as son of the American consul at Salonica, considering you had very little hand in this affair. In fact, Hamet did not have the chance to see you at all, and perhaps will not connect you with his overthrow. By morning I hope to be far from here, so you need not concern yourself about my safety. I have the rascal's revolver, and intend to keep it as a memento of this strenuous occasion."

"Well, Jack, there is no doubt that your safety hinges on your getting as far from Monastir as possible. After what has happened, Hamet will leave no stone unturned to get back at you. Once beyond the boundary of Macedonia, you will be fairly safe from him, and as you have made a friend of a well-to-do Bulgarian of the upper class, I shall feel surer of your safety hereafter. This affair may turn out to be a ten-strike for you," said Dick.

"I hope so," replied Jack. "But I mustn't shout till I'm out of the reach of that rascally Hamet. What a nerve he had to insist on buying the Bulgarian's daughter."

"Well, she's a mighty pretty girl, with a charm-

ing figure, and female beauty always appeals to a Turk."

A patrol of soldiers came down the street at that moment. The officers scowled at the boys, for in spite of the fez they wore jauntily on their heads, he knew they were foreigners. They duly reached the hotel; Jack got his grip and paid his bill. The clerk behind the counter remarked that he must be going to visit some friend, for it was not possible for him to leave town at that hour by any public conveyance.

"We are going to spend the night at the consul's house, for we leave by train in the morning," replied Dick, as he paid his own bill.

"I wish I were going to leave town, too," said the clerk, after a cautious look around. "This place is——"

Well, no matter what he called it, the boys agreed that it wasn't any too expressive. Then they left the hotel. Dick said he would walk back to the house with Jack, to make sure he did not miss the place, and to see how matters fared with Mustapha Hamet.

"You can take it from me that there will be the dickens to pay in this burgh to-morrow," said Dick. "The nearest sentry will find himself in hot water for not going to the house when the shot was fired, though I have no doubt he had strict orders not to quit his post. That doesn't make any difference. There has got to be a victim. When the Russian consul was shot and killed in this place some months ago, designedly it was hinted, not only the soldier who shot him was hanged, but his companion, who had no hand in the deed, because he did not prevent the other from shooting. That's the way things are done, for one soldier more or less amounts to nothing."

"As there's a cordon of troops around the town, do you think we will be able to get away in the carriage?" asked Jack, the matter suddenly occurring to him.

"The Bulgarian wouldn't attempt it if he didn't think he could. As he appears to be a person of some importance in his own country, I guess he's provided against emergencies. Your passport should take you through all right, particularly as you are a boy and an American, and you have letters in your pocket to the consuls at Philippopolis, Sofia and Bukarest."

"Yes, and I have a pass from the Inspector-General of Reforms, Hobart Pasha," grinned Jack.

"The deuce you have!" cried Dick in astonishment. "How in creation did you secure that? You must have got it this afternoon."

"I did. I had coffee and cigarettes with his Excellency at his office, and I handed him a fairy tale that would have made your eyes bulge had you listened to it. I told him that Monastir was the most orderly and quiet town I had struck."

"You told him that?"

"Yes. I told him I had heard all sorts of reports of disturbances and cruelties here before I left Salonica, but I was now satisfied they were all lies."

"Holy smoke! What a nerve you had!"

"I told him there was a false impression in America as to the doings here, and that as my uncle owned the most important newspaper in New York, and had sent me to learn the truth, I

intended to do my best to correct it, and show the Turk up as he really was."

"What did he say to that?"

"He swallowed it beautifully, beamed with pleasure and handed me another cigarette. I asked him to put me wise to certain facts and he did so, from his own standpoint. I wrote it all down, and told him it certainly would be printed. Then I struck him for the pass. I got it, and it has enabled me to see many things I could not possibly have got access to otherwise. I also got a note of introduction from him to the commandant of troops who are scouring the mountains after the insurgents. I'll bet it will come in handy before the carriage reaches the valley beyond."

"You're a wonder, Jack," said Dick admiringly. "I really believe you'll come out all right, and I'll see you again."

"Sure you'll see me again—some time."

By that time they had reached the house, from the window of which the light shone as a signal. The carriage, to which was attached a pair of stout horses, accustomed to mountain travel, stood in the court-yard, with their driver on the seat. The Bulgarian and his daughter were ready to start.

"Well, good-by, old man," said Jack, clasping Dick by the hand.

"Good-by, Jack. Good luck go with you."

The carriage being a roomy one, Jack found space enough to accommodate him, with Mira between him and her father. The driver's whip cracked, and off the carriage drove on its way to the mighty Balkan range, which formed the southern border of Bulgaria, dividing it from Eastern Roumelia. They were stopped at the outskirts of the town by the guard, but Jack's pass enabled them to continue on their way. The road led up into the mountains, and as they continued a storm was seen to be approaching. Jack learned from Buto there were several dangerous spots on the road, such as ledges, and narrow passes. The storm struck them just as they came to an inn and they told the driver to pull up and stop until the storm passed. They drove under a shed at the back of the inn and remained in the carriage. Just as the storm passed and they were about to start a servant came out of the inn. It was now near dark. The servant approached the carriage and told them word had been received that a ledge farther on had been struck by lightning and the roadway had fallen into a gorge, leaving the road impassable. Just then three soldiers came out of the inn and seeing the carriage, one of them said to his comrades:

"Return and tell our commanding officer there are strangers here held up by the storm."

One of them entered the inn while the other two entered the shed.

CHAPTER V.—Trouble to Burn.

Jack and his companions were discussing the chances of passing the fractured ledge when the carriage door was pulled open on the Bulgarian's side, and a pair of dirty, unkempt faces were thrust in. The darkness prevented more than an outline of either party being seen. One of the

soldiers, however, had some wind matches, and he ignited one. It threw out a bluish flame and lighted up the whole of the interior of the carriage, and at the same time threw their own villainous countenances into relief. Mira uttered a startled cry and clung instinctively to Jack, to whom she had taken a great fancy.

"What do you want?" demanded the Bulgarian.

"Get out!" said the fellow with the match roughly.

"Who are you talking to, you rascal?" cried Jack in Turkish.

"By the beard of the prophet, who is this chap who is murdering the Turkish language?" cried the soldier, thrusting the match toward Jack.

"He is an American consular agent, and you had better beware how you address him," said Buto, with dignified sternness.

The soldier drew back with an expletive of some kind as the match expired in his fingers. All Europeans were cordially detested by the Turks, and Americans were included in the category; still a consular agent had to be handled differently owing to his official standing. The soldiers knew they would be punished if they made any mistake, so they decided to await the coming of their commanding officer. The flashing of a lantern in the hand of Keko the servant, heralded his approach.

"Who have we here?" he asked, stepping up to the carriage door.

"Friends," said Jack. "We carry a pass from the Inspector-General at Monastir."

"Let me see it," said the officer abruptly.

Jack handed him the pass.

"Hold up the lantern, dog!" ejaculated the officer to Keko.

He read the pass.

"This pass is only for one—yourself," said the officer, noticing that the brief description on it tallied with the boy. "You can proceed. The others must show their passports."

The Bulgarian showed his.

"This passport is not vided, permitting you to leave Monastir. You ought not to be here at all," said the officer. "Your passport, madam."

Mira handed hers out and the same objection was raised to it.

"I shall have to turn you both back," said the officer. "You will return to the vilayet under escort."

"I guess not," spoke up Jack. "They are with me."

"I said you could go on," said the officer.

"Exactly, and they go with me."

"Impossible."

"You will stop us at your peril," said Jack boldly.

"I have my orders. I can't understand how these people passed the cordon. I shall have to report the matter."

"Do you belong to Colonel Ashmet's command?" said Jack.

"Yes."

"I have a letter for him. Do you see? From the Inspector-General. If you stop this carriage from proceeding I shall report you to him."

The officer seemed taken aback a bit.

"Why wasn't the pass made out to cover the three?" he said.

"Because I did not expect to have company, but as my friends here had arranged to leave town, I decided to travel with them."

"If they intended to leave the vilayet why did they not have their passports vised? It's a mere formality that every one understands to be necessary."

"It was too late to have the matter attended to, and they had to leave at once. The chief of police at the next town will rectify the deficiency."

"But I can't pass them."

"You must. I am an American consular agent, and I demand that they be permitted to proceed. You can send an escort with us if you wish."

Jack's bluff worked, for the officer was not sure of his ground.

"I will pass you, but to avoid getting me in trouble you must explain that owing to the storm you were not held up in the mountains. Otherwise——"

"I will see to that," said Jack, so the Bulgarian and his daughter got out of their ticklish predicament.

Spiro got the lantern and went forward to examine the ledge. He found that a huge piece of it had been broken off and gone down into the abyss several hundred feet below. He took several measurements of the narrowest part of the shelf and returned to the shed. Then he measured the width from wheel to wheel on the outside and told Buto that they had six inches to spare in passing the break. The Hungarian said the margin was too small for them to make the trip in the carriage, but that Spiro could lead the vehicle carefully around the shelf and they would follow on foot.

Accordingly, taking the lantern with him, Spiro drove to the beginning of the ledge and stopped. Buto, Mira and Jack got out and the driver got down from his seat. With the lantern in his right hand, Spiro started forward to make the perilous trip, leading the inside horse. The three behind followed the flashing of the lantern, which they could see under the carriage. The ordinary width of the shelf was about ten feet, though in some places it was reduced to seven. The lightning bolt had carried away a section of the widest part of the shelf, leaving it so narrow that a carriage or other four-wheeled vehicle could barely find the necessary foothold. The darkness prevented the party from seeing the depths of the wide crevasse which yawned so close to them, but Mira had seen it from the carriage when they passed that way in the daytime, and she shuddered and clung to Jack's arm as they walked slowly along, though now that the storm was over and the wind had calmed down to a mountain breeze, they stood in no particular danger on foot. The shelf ran in and out for some distance, but after Spiro had safely guided the carriage past the danger spot, everything went well with them.

When the road turned away from the further edge of the crevasse the party got into the carriage and waited till the driver returned the lantern to the inn. The way was downhill now, the inn being at the highest point by the road, and they went along at a smart pace. By and by the clouds broke away and the rising moon shone down on that side of the mountain and lighted their way along. It was a great relief to escape

from the darkness, not to speak of the storm, which had enveloped their progress for the past two hours. It was now close to midnight. The Hungarian went to sleep in his corner, while his daughter allowed her head to rest on Jack's shoulder. He encircled her waist with his arm, and she gradually dozed off to the music of the wheels and the swing of the vehicle.

The young newspaper man was not sleep himself, and he amused himself with the wild panorama of mountain scenery as it showed up under the moon's silvery light. As the minutes wore on this occupation gradually had a somnolent effect upon him, and he, too, fell asleep. The whole party was suddenly awakened by the abrupt stopping of the carriage. The sudden appearance of several soldiers, and the sharp "Dur!" from one of them, had caused Spiro to rein in as quick as he could. Jack stuck his head out of the door and saw half a dozen figures, with rifles, blocking the road. The moonshine glistened on the bayonets as they closed in on the horses.

"Is this another guard, Spiro?" he asked the driver.

The driver thought it must be. Jack sprang out and walked forward.

"Show your passports," said one of the figures, who appeared to be a sergeant.

Jack handed him the Inspector-General's pass. A wind match was flashed upon it. The soldier was not over-intelligent, but he recognized the signature of Hobart Pasha, and understood that the paper was a pass. That was enough for him. He did not bother further about passports, and told Jack he could proceed. They quickly left the mountain patrol behind and were not again disturbed till they got among the low foothills with a broad valley before them through which the railroad ran on its way northward toward Servia. Here they met another guard, but the pass got them through without question. They reached a village in time for breakfast at the inn. Their arrival was quickly conveyed to the chief of police, who at once sent an officer to look at their passports. They were just sitting down to their morning meal when he arrived. He demanded their passports. Jack showed the officer his military pass.

"We have nothing to do with that," said the man sharply, returning it. "Hand me your passport."

Jack did so.

"How is this—it is not vised. How did you get here?" he demanded.

"By carriage."

"Over the mountains?"

"How else?"

"This is decidedly irregular. Your passport, sir and madam," to the Hungarian and his daughter. "These are not vised, either," he said, after glancing at them. "You will have to accompany me at once to the chief of police."

"We will go there after breakfast," replied Jack, who was hungry.

"You will go now," said the officer brusquely.

"Look here, my man," said Jack sharply, "I am not in the habit of being ordered around by strangers. I am in the consular service of the United States. Here are letters proving I am on a mission to Sofia and elsewhere. Now oblige me by getting out."

The officer gasped. Such nerve amazed him, but he had heard that Americans were full of it, and as Jack's letters bore the seal of the Salonica consulate, he believed his statement. He knew the Bulgarian and his daughter had no connection with the consular service, so he turned his attention to them again. Jack, however, cut him short.

"I am traveling with them—making use of their carriage—consequently they are not to be annoyed. Understand me? Go back to your chief and tell him."

The officer concluded to take his advice, and went. Another and higher official appeared before they had finished the meal and demanded an examination. Again Jack showed his letters and refused to have anything more to say until they presented themselves before the chief of police, which he said they would do in half an hour. They were in the presence of the chief within that time. That official, who was not in good humor, demanded all three passports. They were handed to him.

"These will never do. You must return to Monastir and get them vised," he said.

"I don't think we will," said Jack in French. "I forgot to get mine mixed up, and as I'm under hurry orders I don't intend to go back. If you stop me, there will be trouble for you. You will hear from the Inspector-General. I have this pass from him which your officer ignored at the inn. Kindly vise my passport, and also those of my friends here, and that will end the matter amicably."

The chief glared at the boy with ill-concealed rage.

"Blamed Giaour!" he muttered under his breath. As Jack seemed not at all disturbed by his official dignity, and as the chief conceded that he might get a reprimand for holding up a consular agent en route on important business, he pulled the boy's passport toward him and vised it.

"Thank you," said Jack coolly. "Now attend to the others, please."

"No!" thundered the officer. "You are at liberty to go on your way, but these people return under escort."

"Not at all," said Jack. "I am using their carriage."

"Take the carriage and go."

"And do you expect them to walk?"

"It is none of your affair."

"Well, I am making it my affair. I want you to vise their passports."

The chief positively refused to do so, and called two officers to conduct the Hungarian and Mira back to the inn. Jack said nothing until they were gone, then looking the chief in the eye, he said:

"Do you recognize the authority of Colonel Ashmet?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I have a letter to him from the Inspector-General. I am going to find him now and enter a protest against your actions. I warrant you he will send you word to treat my friends with the courtesy that is their due. That's all. Have a cigarette?"

The offer of a cigarette was an act of courtesy that did more for Jack than his big bluff, though the bluff also had its effect. The chief accepted the cigarette, drew in his horns, and in

five minutes he and Jack were on excellent terms. The result of it was that the official decided to overlook the irregularity in the other passports and vise them so that the Hungarian and his daughter could proceed with Jack. The boy then expressed the pleasure he felt in meeting with so gentlemanly and accommodating an official, and assured the chief that he would, on his return, speak a good word for him to the Inspector-General. The chief beamed, shook hands with the young American, and Jack went back to the inn in high spirits.

CHAPTER VI.—Under Arrest.

He found Buto and Mira wearing an anxious and discouraged look. The two officers were watching them. Jack walked up to one of them and handed him a paper. After reading it he spoke to his companion and they immediately left the inn.

"I suppose we must return," said the Hungarian, in a resigned tone.

"By no means," said Jack cheerfully. "Follow me to the carriage. We go on at once."

"But our passports have been taken from us and we are under orders to go back to the vilayet of Monastir."

"Here are your passports properly vised. We shall have no further trouble with them," said Jack.

Buto and Mira looked their astonishment.

"How did you manage it?" she asked in wonder.

"A little soft-soap on top of my nerve accomplished the trick. Allow me to escort you outside," said the young American.

"You're a wonder," said the Hungarian admiringly.

"I'm an American. Our productions go everywhere, even to Turkey, and where they go we go. I never allow difficulties to down me if I can help it—neither do my countrymen, as a rule. That's why we are the greatest nation under the sun, with all due respect to the others who generally have to follow where we lead. Let me help you in, Miss Mira. It is a pleasure to wait on so pretty and charming a girl."

Mira smiled and blushed, and tapped him familiarly on the cheek. They had a pleasant drive across the valley and stopped for dinner at a place called Uskub, where their passports were demanded and found to be all right. Jack entertained Mira and her father with stories and descriptions of divers parts of the United States, and gave them some insight into his past experiences as a reporter on the "Planet." They in return regaled him with life in Bulgaria, and particularly in the mountains where they lived, and where Buno was the head man of the village, a kind of mayor, as it were. They stopped at a large town for supper, had their passports vised, and were on the point of starting again, as tired as they were, to reach the Bulgarian border, which was only a few hours' swift riding away, where they would be safe, when a file of police appeared before the inn, and, the officer in command marching in, put them under arrest.

"What's this mean?" demanded Jack.

The officer would make no explanation. He an-

nounced that they were to be taken before the chief of police at once. Jack put up his usual bluff, but it didn't go worth a cent this time. They were marched away like political prisoners and taken before the chief. There Jack renewed his bluff. The chief was extremely polite. He was sorry, but he had been advised by telegraph to catch and hold them until a military escort arrived from the railway to take charge of them.

"But I am a consular agent," said Jack. "This hold-up is going to make all kinds of trouble for you and the person who is responsible for your action."

The chief expressed his regret that he was compelled to follow out his instructions, which came from Nazir Pasha and were imperative. Should it be shown that a mistake had been made he would apologize in the most profuse way. In the meanwhile he would be indulgent—he would not send them to prison, as he ought to do, but would permit them to return to the inn and remain there under guard.

"That's all very nice," said Jack. "I appreciate your kindness and generous treatment. You Turks are certainly the finest men in the world."

The chief smiled and bowed.

"Have a cigarette, chief?"

Certainly the chief would have one, and do his young American prisoner the honor of smoking with him. In fact, if the young man would pass his word not to try to give him the slip he would accord him the freedom of the town for the time being. This Jack declined to do, for his mind was bent on making his escape and taking his friends with him. How he could manage such a thing in the face of what he was up against was more than he could tell just then. However, as he had told Mira and her father that afternoon, he never allowed difficulties to daunt him. After a short social chat with the chief—the Hungarian and his daughter having been returned to the inn—Jack requested permission to call on the French consul, as there didn't happen to be an American functionary of that kind in the place. He was graciously permitted to do so under the escort of two officers who had strict orders not to lose him. The consul received him politely, and Jack explained what he and his two friends were up against.

"If we are taken back to Monastir, Buto and myself are likely to be shot by accident, and Miss Mira carried off to Mustapha Hamet's harem. We must escape before the military escort reaches this place and takes charge of us. Have you a man on your premises you can trust who speaks Bulgarian?"

"I have, but I dare not act contrary to the authorities. It would ruin me here and lead to my recall."

"It is not necessary that you identify yourself with us, monsieur. Let your man carry a verbal message from me to the driver of our carriage. He ought to be able to do that without causing suspicion. Spiro, the driver, is not under arrest, though it is possible he is watched. He is a shrewd fellow and devoted to his master. With his aid I think we can get away from this town in spite of the police," said Jack.

The consul considered and finally gave his consent. The servant was summoned, and he agreed to deliver the message to Spiro in an offhand way

that should not excite suspicion. Jack confided the message to him. This was for Spiro to get the carriage away from the inn yard, take it to a certain place on the suburb and wait there for his master, Mira and Jack to appear. Then it was to be a race for the border. Jack then returned to the inn with the officers, who turned him over to the officer of the guard at the inn. Mira looked at the young American expectantly, for he had hitherto been so successful in getting them out of trouble that she fully expected he would manage as well this time. He quickly undeceived her.

"Stratagem only can save us now, and I have set the ball rolling," he said. "It largely depends on Spiro whether we get away or not."

Then he told her about his plans. A few minutes later he took the Hungarian aside and told him to ask the landlord for a room where Mira could lie down, as she was greatly fatigued. One was placed at her disposal on the floor above. Shortly afterward he saw Spiro driving out of the inn yard. He was stopped by a police officer, but whatever excuse he gave the man he was allowed to go on his way. The plot was proceeding nicely, but the next move was up to Jack—that was to get out of the inn with his friends without the knowledge of the guard. It was going to take his ingenuity, still he expected to do it. While he was trying to figure out all the details of his plans, the town was thrown into intense excitement by the report that war had been declared on Turkey by Bulgaria and her allies, and that the Servian and Bulgarian armies were advancing into the country from the north. The Greeks were also advancing from the south.

Then Jack learned that, in expectation of this crisis, a large force of Turks had been massed in the vicinity. The road he intended to take if he and his friends got away he found was covered and occupied by a division of the Turkish forces. As this force was spread out to the right and left for several miles, they would have to make a wide detour and make for either Servia or Eastern Roumelia. Fifteen minutes later he discarded the Servia plan, for report said that already the Servian army had entered Macedonia and defeated the advance line of the Turks in that direction. As the moments passed the excitement increased. Most of the Turkish soldiers in that vicinity had hastily broken camp and were marching northward to support their comrades. The excitement, which had by this time reached fever pitch, played into the hands of Jack. The watchfulness of their guards had relaxed in their eagerness to hear the news and rumors flying about the town. The next news Jack heard was the arrival of a train with part of a Turkish army corps. A second train was following with more soldiers.

Jack wondered how the military guard, which he understood was on the way to take him and his friends back to Monastir, could carry out their orders. Under the sudden changed condition of things it seemed foolish to consider that the affair in which they figured would cut any ice. The breaking out of hostilities would naturally be expected to divert Nasir Pasha's attention from such an insignificant subject as themselves. In the general hubbub they might hope to escape. Nevertheless, Jack was too astute a young chap to leave anything to chance when he had already

decided on his course of action. The military guard might arrive any moment, and as the railroad was in possession of the authorities for the transportation of troops, they, the prisoners, would probably be compelled to walk back to Monastir. Jack suddenly gave Buto the sign to follow him. The police guard did not observe their disappearance from the room, or paid no attention to it, as no one could get past the street door without their knowledge. They walked upstairs to the landing above.

"Bring your daughter out of her room," said the boy.

Buto found Mira asleep, and quickly aroused her. They joined Jack in the empty corridor. The young war reporter led the way down a cross corridor to a window overlooking the yard. Here he found the ladder Spiro had been directed to place there before leaving.

"Follow me," said Jack, after seeing that the coast was clear apparently.

Hardly had they reached the yard when a policeman called on them to halt.

"I've caught you," he said, drawing his revolver. "Now, right about and march out front."

Mira gave a half scream and grasped her father's arm. Quick as a flash Jack sprang at the officer and knocked him staggering with a blow of his fist, then drawing his revolver he reversed it and put the policeman to sleep with a blow on the head. Picking up his weapon, he handed it to Mira. Then he placed the ladder against the stable roof and bade his friends mount it. Darting back to a window which commanded the interior of the inn, he looked in. Standing in the room, backed by half a dozen soldiers, he saw Mustapha Hamet. Of course, the rascal had come after them.

"We didn't start to leave a moment too soon," muttered the boy as he retreated to the ladder and joined his companions on the roof of the barn.

CHAPTER VII.—In the Face of Death.

The ladder was hauled up and dropped down into the dark and narrow street behind the stable. They descended, and then, as they hurried up the street, Jack told them about the presence of Mustapha Hamet and his soldiers at the inn. Mira was greatly frightened.

"You will both be shot if he catches us," she cried, as much alarmed for the young American's safety as for her father.

"Don't worry. We'll make our escape in all this excitement," said Jack reassuringly.

Entering the cross street they found it full of townspeople who were too much engaged with the war news to pay any attention to them. They hurried along toward the rendezvous, where Spiro and the carriage awaited them. It was some walk, for the place was on the suburbs near a ruined building they had passed coming to town. But they got there at last, and found the carriage standing in the shadow of the ruins. Spiro was not in sight, but he appeared as soon as he recognized them. Jack helped Mira in, Buto followed, and Jack came last. Spiro was already on his seat, and when the boy said "Go!" they were off like a shot toward the east.

After leaving the town well in the rear, Spiro reined in to receive explicit directions. Jack could give him none, for he had no knowledge of the country. Buto, after consulting with Jack, told his man to make for the Eastern Roumelian border, keeping well to the east. Spiro said he would do his best, but he would have to make inquiries along the route, and he feared they would be stopped by the soldiers. Three hours later as they were skirting a small village, sunk in darkness and silence, for it was after two in the morning, one of the forward wheels sank into a deep rut with a shock and the front axle snapped in twain. This was a most unfortunate accident, for it brought their flight to a sudden end for the time being. It was impossible to do anything till morning toward having a new axle put in. They would have to remain there all night. It was not deemed prudent to seek out the inn and arouse the inmates at that house, so they took possession of a deserted cottage close by which they found partly furnished. Spiro looked after the horses and the party slept till daybreak. The driver then hunted up a blacksmith and brought him to examine the injury.

The vulcan said he couldn't furnish a new axle right away, but he would repair the broken one with a binding of iron, which he declared would hold as well as a new axle. It would take him a couple of hours, and he would start right in on the job. The carriage was jacked up with wood so that the broken axle could be removed. The wheels were stood up against the house, and the blacksmith went away. As it was not deemed advisable for the party to go to the small inn at the place for breakfast, the driver was sent to secure food. Apparently the people of the village had not heard the war news, for there was no unusual excitement in the place when Spiro appeared at the inn. There were no guests at the place, and the coming of the driver was hailed with satisfaction by the proprietor until he learned that the man didn't intend to put up there.

The proprietor was curious to learn who he wanted the food for, and Spiro had to admit that it was for his master and party, who could not come to the inn because their vehicle had broken down. He assured the inn-keeper that they would be there as soon as the carriage had been repaired, but this was only a bluff. Shortly afterward the news arrived that war had been declared, and this was soon followed by the appearance of a Turkish column of infantry on its way to the front. Half an hour later a Turkish battery arrived and halted to rest the horses. In the distance another brigade of troops were moving forward.

From the looks of things the Turks were all ready to fight the moment the tocsin sounded. As the allies in the north were also fully prepared to invade Turkish territory, if they had not already done so, the prospect of a battle seemed good. Two hours went by and Spiro went to see how the axle was getting on. It was almost ready. He remained at the little shop till the last rivet was fastened and then accompanied the blacksmith back with it. The axle was put in place, the wheels fixed on and then all was ready to go forward. The party was anxious to get away, for they saw a detachment of soldiers coming from the direction of the town they had fled from.

Spiro and Jack put the horses into the traces, and then the Bulgarian and his daughter came out of the house to get into the carriage. At that moment a squad of soldiers headed by an officer came rushing out from the side street that led to the inn. With ejaculations of dismay the party recognized Mustapha Hamet. The sharp eyes of the rascally Turk singled them out.

"Aha, you old dotard, I have you at last!" cried Mustapha Hamet, rushing at the group with upraised fist, followed by his men.

The old Bulgarian did not bulge an inch. He regarded the Turkish officer with scornful defiance.

"Seize them!" cried Hamet.

In another moment they were surrounded by the soldiers.

"You thought to escape me, did you?" sneered the Turk, with a look of triumph. "That was not possible, for I have a long reach."

"What do you intend to do with us?" asked Buto.

"What I choose. War has been declared by your country against us, and you are my prisoner, since we are enemies."

"We are non-combatants, proceeding peacefully through this country in an endeavor to get out of it. We cannot rightfully be detained as prisoners."

"Cannot, eh? You have no rights at all. If I choose to have you and that boy bayoneted right here, no one will question my action."

"I am an American and connected with the consular service. I demand to be released at once," said Jack.

Hamet grinned savagely at him.

"I'll release you, you young Giaour," he hissed. "You struck me down in that house in the vilayet of Monastir. A Turk never forgives a blow. Here, my men, take the dog, stand him up against yonder wall and shoot him."

Two soldiers pulled the lad away from the others and marched him toward the wall, while the rest of the soldiers cocked their rifles and prepared to carry out Hamet's orders. With a scream Mira rushed forward and threw herself at the feet of the officer.

"Spare him, oh, spare him!" she cried hysterically.

"Aha! You are interested in him, are you?"

"Do not shoot him, oh, do not!" she cried, with streaming eyes.

"One would think it was your father I had ordered shot. Hold on a moment, my men," he added, as the soldiers raised their rifles.

The guns came down again.

"If I spare him, will you consent to go to Salonica with me?" he said.

"No, no; do not ask me to do that."

"Unless you consent, and your father consents, his execution will follow the boy's, and then you shall go there whether you will or not. I simply give you the privilege of accepting your fate willingly. Although I have sworn to have that Giaour's life for striking me, still I will let him and your father depart for the mountains if you consent to become a willing bride of the harem."

"Spare me, oh, spare me!"

"Your answer—quick! I have no time to dally here. Push that old man against the wall and finish them both at once."

"Scoundrel!" cried the Bulgarian.

The Turk laughed sardonically.

"Save them! Save them! I consent," screamed Mira.

"Never!" cried Jack, springing away from the wall, drawing his revolver and covering Mustapha Hamet. "Make a move to shoot me, you rascals, and I'll kill your officer. I am a dead shot, and if I have to die he will go first."

Hamet started back with an exclamation of consternation.

"Shoot!" he cried to his men.

"Move an eyelash, you Turks, and he dies!" cried Jack.

The soldiers remained passive, for they knew the importance of their officer.

"You see, they dare not fire," said Jack. "Now, then, Buto, take your daughter and flee in the carriage. Don't hesitate a moment. It is your only chance to save her and yourself. Never mind me. You can't help me by sacrificing yourselves. Go!"

"No, no!" screamed Mira. "I won't leave you! I will die with you! I love you!"

She would have rushed forward and thrown herself into Jack's arms, and thus have spoiled everything, but for her father's restraining arm.

"Good-by, Jack Wood," said Buto. "You die a hero."

He seized his daughter and bore her screaming to the carriage while Jack held the situation in hand. The officer writhed with rage. He was not a coward, and yet he loved life, for he had much to live for. He knew by Jack's eye, even more than from his words, that the boy would surely kill him before his soldiers could move a hand to save him. What was the use of sacrificing his life uselessly? He would pursue the carriage and retake the girl, for they had a long distance to travel to reach safety, and they were liable to be held up anyway before they had gone many miles. He would presently have the satisfaction of having this young American killed. Shooting was now too easy a death for him. He should be slowly bayoneted to death, and the coup de grace delayed as long as possible. A rush of wheels and stamping of hoofs announced the departure of the carriage. The girl's cries had ceased, for she had fainted in her father's arms.

"Now, Mustapha Hamet," said Jack, "order your men to right about and march down the road. Do as I say or I pull the trigger. I know I have no chance here, so don't tempt me by a moment's indecision."

With a muttered imprecation the officer gave the order. The men shouldered their arms and marched off.

"Now, then, turn around yourself," commanded Jack.

Wholly in the boy's power, the officer obeyed, but reluctantly. He felt degraded in his own eyes, but his life was at stake. There was no glory in being shot down like a dog by an accursed Giaour.

"March! If you turn about your doom is sealed," said the young American.

Mustapha Hamet had taken scarce a dozen steps when a squad of Turks suddenly appeared from around the cottage.

"Shoot that boy behind me!" he roared to the sergeant.

"What boy? I see none," answered the man.

The officer wheeled around and looked. The young American had vanished. Mustapha Hamet shouted to his own men to come back, and soon a red-hot search was being made for the newspaper reporter.

CHAPTER VIII.—In the Balkans.

We must pass over several months—months of war and awful carnage on both sides. The Turks had welcomed the war, boasting that they would speedily overrun the countries of their enemies and win the war with ease. The reverse had been the case so far. And what about Jack Wood? Mustapha Hamet and his men, though they made a thorough search of all the neighborhood where he disappeared, and extended it all over the village, failed to find him. He found a secure hiding-place in a dry drain, and remained there all day. When night came he ventured cautiously forth and left the village, taking the route followed by the carriage. Mustapha Hamet wasted so much time looking for the boy that when he finally bethought himself of the pretty Bulgarian, she and her father were beyond pursuit, and within the boundaries of Eastern Roumelia.

The girl on recovering her senses went frantic over the fate of the brave boy who had saved them at the presumed cost of his own life, and she sobbed out her grief on her father's shoulder for a long time. The Bulgarian tried to console her with the statement that the boy had died a hero, and that he had adopted the only possible course that was open. Spiro guided the carriage to safety, and next day they were in the Balkans. Jack, unacquainted with the hostile country he was in, could not guide himself as he wished. After several days of hair-breadth escapes he was held up by an outpost of the Bulgarian army on Turkish soil. He was taken to the guard-house, and then before the general in command.

The fact that he was an American and a non-combatant was apparent, and he was released. He showed his credentials as a war correspondent and secured permission to remain with the army. He was not allowed, however, to go within several miles of the front. He tried to evade this command, but found it stringent, and he either had to bow to it or leave. No other war reporter had any advantage of him in that respect. In fact, he had the advantage of being the first on the ground, though not for long. Although the newspaper men were debarred from getting close to the actual fighting line, they had plenty of excitement sometimes in dodging the shells thrown from the modern long-range Turkish guns.

War isn't what it used to be fifty years ago. In those days the war artist could get close enough to a battle or skirmish to stretch its salient features, and the newspaper writer could gallop within range of the bullets and still escape scot free if he was not unlucky enough to stop one. Nowadays the up-to-date rifle carries death within the radius of a mile or more, while high-power cannon sweep the ground for a long distance. The record of dead and wounded in the late Balkan war demonstrated that. Jack often thought of the Bulgarian and his lovely daughter. The last

words he had heard from her lips, "I won't leave you. I will die with you. I love you!" on the thrilling occasion when he had all but sacrificed himself to save her and her father, lingered in his mind.

He had no knowledge of whether she and her father had escaped or not. He trusted they had. When the war was over he intended to hunt up the Balkan village where they lived and see if they had come out all right. If they had he did not doubt but he would get a royal reception. Jack found it necessary to change about as conditions altered. For a while he was with the Servian forces. All his dispatches, of course, were censored, and they went through in the shape that pleased the powers that had control of the army news. He kept a private record of everything he suspected would be cut out, but a great deal more was cut and altered than he had any idea of at the time.

However, he kept the "Planet" informed up to the minute through its London office, where all his reports went first, and the rest of the war news was obtained through the big press agencies that had correspondents all over the seat of the war. Jack was back with the Bulgarian army—one of them—when he was wounded by a piece of shell fired seven miles away. He was taken to one of the field hospitals, and as war reporters were not particularly in favor because they were non-combatants, he was sent to one of the hospitals at Philoppopolis. Here he remained several weeks recruiting his strength. When he felt fully recovered he decided, as he was not far from the Balkans, to pay a flying visit to the village of the Bulgar, for during the time he had been out of the excitement of the war zone he had more time to think about Mira, and her image, coupled with her last words, made a growing impression on his young heart. He made inquiries about the village, and after some trouble learned that it was situated in the very heart of the Balkans. He hired a carriage to take him to the town nearest to the great range, and, on arriving, put up at a second-rate hotel. Kiva was the name of the Bulgar's village, and he found it was well known to the proprietor of the hotel.

"How shall I get there?" asked Jack.

"You will need a horse used to mountain travel and a guide, as you are not familiar with the route. I can procure both for you," said the landlord.

"Do so. I wish to start right away."

"They will be on hand in the morning."

Jack still carried the grip he brought with him from Salonica, but it showed every evidence of hard service. It had been mauled and kicked around while he was with the army at the front, and only lacked a few bullet holes to complete its interesting appearance. His trunk had been taken charge of by Dick White and removed to his home. Jack wondered how Dick was getting on, and how the war affected things at Salonica. Probably Consul White had long since received word from New York to the effect that the "Planet's" young war reporter was alive and kicking at the last accounts, and so Dick felt assured of his safety so far as any one can be called safe in the midst of a great war, in which he is participating as a non-combatant.

Jack found Bulgarian villages, so far as he had

met with them, considerably different from the Macedonian villages he had passed through during his flight with Buto and his daughter from Monastir. Though the same race of people populated Macedonia, yet the Turks had forced every spark of manliness out of them. It was the wails of the tortured that aroused the Bulgars to action and precipitated to a large extent the Balkan War. Morning came, the guide and horses were ready, and Jack started on his journey to Kiva, in mingled hope and fear, as to whether he would meet the companions of his memorable flight across Turkish territory.

It was not till well along in the afternoon that they struck the foothills of the mighty Balkans, a range noted for its weird grandeur and fearful lonesomeness, except where one stumbles upon some quaint village, apparently lost to the outside world. Night was coming on when they suddenly opened up a large and prosperous-looking village. It was their roosting place for the night, and Jack had been on the lookout for it, as his guide told him they were approaching it. They put up at the principal inn, where they were treated to a fine supper and good beds afterward.

Jack had little chance to view this place, as he was routed out early to resume his trip. Soon after leaving the village they struck a mountain torrent, which they followed through a dense and gloomy forest of pines, with here and there glimpses of mountains rising almost perpendicular above them. They came out in a wild ravine, up which the horses climbed for two hours before the end was reached. They now encountered a light carpet of snow, which hung upon the branches of the trees, but the path seemed clear to the guide, who had often been over the road. The further they proceeded the more intricate the way looked to Jack, but as the guide appeared to be in no way disturbed, Jack didn't worry. They carried a supply of provisions with them, for the guide said they would not reach another village that day. This meant they would have to roost out in the biting cold of the mountain fastnesses, but the guide assured them that they would not suffer greatly since he knew of a cave where they would stop, and with a fire they would be quite comfortable, at least in his opinion. Soon after mid-day they came out on a ridge heavy with snow, and through this the horses ploughed their way. Fortunately the sky was clear and they had the full benefit of the sun, which warmed the sharp, bracing air. All around stretched naked, cold mountains, deep in snow, presenting a magnificent view, but Jack's thoughts were wrapped up in Kiva and Mira Buto.

"How long have we got to travel over this ridge?" asked Jack, at length, for there seemed to be no end to that white plain many thousand feet above sea level. There was not a human being or habitation within sight, and the loneliness of the place was almost appalling.

"Not far," said the guide. "Maybe an hour yet, I am not sure. We are fortunate to have a fine day and a clear track. A snow storm or high wind would hide this path in five minutes, and then we would be at sea and might easily stumble into a crevasse two or three hundred feet deep."

"And is this the regular route to Kiva?"

"No. This is the short cut. You told me you wanted to reach the village as soon as possible."

"I didn't mean I was in such a tremendous rush that you should take the most unpleasant of the two routes."

"It will save us a day or more."

"I'm sorry you took it, for I'm sick of this weird solitude."

"The other is scarcely less lonesome, though we would be more apt to meet with people. This route is not popular with the natives unless they are in a hurry, which is not usually the case."

"The sun is sinking fast and it is growing colder."

"We have an hour and a half of light yet before us."

"Suppose we are overtaken by night here, could you find your way?"

"Oh, yes, for the path is quite clear. To-night the stars will shine and we shall not want for light."

Jack was glad to hear it, for to be up in those solitudes under a black sky would have been anything but pleasant. So they toiled on, reaching the top of the ridge and began their descent into the gloomy depths of the range. The trip down the mountain was like a nightmare to Jack. It was too steep and far too dangerous to ride, so they had to walk and lead their animals. Fortunately, the horses were sure footed, being accustomed to the mountains, or there would have been a mix-up with unpleasant results. The sun was below the distant peaks, and darkness was coming on apace when they reached the mountain cave referred to by the guide.

That individual lost no time building a roaring fire, which they afterward kept up with the wood that lay plentifully about them, and around the cheerful blaze they ate their supper. The guide pulled out his pipe and, filling it with tobacco, was soon smoking away with the utmost content. He did not feel the chill of the cold mountain air as much as the young American, and, wrapped in a warm cloak, hugged the fire as close as he could. His name was Angelico, and he certainly looked at it that moment. Jack, weary after the worst day's travel he had ever made in his life, dropped off to sleep while his companion was talking to him, blissfully unconscious of what was before him.

When he awoke his bag was gone and a note lay upon the ground stating that Angelico, his guide, had flown the coop, taking all with him. Jack was in a nice pickle. There was nothing for Jack to do but start out on his own hook, so he did so. All he had to eat on his way were some berries he gathered beside the trail. He plodded on through the mountain wilds, knowing not where he was. Toward night he came across another cave and entered, made a fire. Sleep did not come to him that night. He heard wolves outside, but the fire kept them from entering. Utterly fatigued he at last fell into a doze.

CHAPTER IX.—The Luck of a War Reporter.

There was no breakfast for Jack when he awoke in the morning. Unless he struck some village by accident, or a lone habitation of a mountaineer, before night, he would begin to feel the tortures of slow starvation. With a never-say-die look on his fine-looking face, he entered the dark woods and pushed ahead. Not a sound broke the still-

ness but the crackling of the twigs under his feet. Not the suspicion of a breeze stirred the tree-tops. Only at rare intervals he caught sight of a shaft of sun-light. The woods put him in mind of the famous Black Forest in Germany, about which he had read, and he wondered if it was any darker than this one in the daytime.

He ran across more of the same red berries. Indeed he had seen them often since leaving the first cave the morning previous. Every time he looked on them he thought of Angelico, and vowed to get square with him if he were so lucky as to make his escape. Noon came and Jack was as hungry as any well-grown boy with a healthy appetite. Still he had not met with the faintest sign of anything indicating that he was drawing near a house or a village. He walked sturdily on, wondering how long a person could tramp through that range without encountering a human being. Certainly without food he couldn't tramp much farther. He finished the last drop of water, but came upon another stream, at which he replenished his canteen and drank as much as he could. This eased the pangs of hunger for a while, and he kept on at a swinging gait till the ground rose again. So the afternoon wore away, and with the dread of darkness and the wolves before his mind he suddenly came upon a hut.

He uttered a shout of joy at the sight. The hut, however, looked deserted, for there was no sign of life about it. Jack pounded on the closed door, but received no response. He pushed the door open, for it had no fastening of any kind, and entered. The interior bore every sign of occupancy, and the lost boy decided to remain there till the owner appeared, to whom he would state his predicament, if he could make himself understood, and get him to pilot him out of the wilderness. In the hope of finding food he looked around the place, and found a number of cakes of maize, a stone flagon of wine, half of a native cheese, and other eatables.

He ate as much as he wanted, and then, feeling like a new boy, he sat down to wait for the coming of the man. Darkness fell and he failed to appear. Then Jack secured the door, after lighting a fire inside to warm the place. An hour passed and then he heard the wolves again. They came into the clearing where the hut was, and surrounded it. For another hour they kept up their discordant cries, coming to the door and sniffing around the bottom of it. They made no actual effort to get in, and finally started off elsewhere. Jack took possession of the bunk and turned in. He was not disturbed during the night, and he made his breakfast off a part of the remaining provisions. He waited impatiently for the man to show up, but he didn't.

"I hate to leave, because he's sure to come some time, and will doubtless consent to guide me to the nearest village," said Jack.

Noon came, and still no man. The boy ate his dinner of the same fare and held his ground. The afternoon slipped by without the owner making his appearance. Then another night fell on forest and mountain. Raking out the ashes of the open grate to make room for a fresh fire, Jack turned up a tin case warped by heat. His curiosity induced him to break it open, and he was amazed to find it full of unset diamonds, pearls,

rubies and other precious stones. As little as he knew about the value of such things, he easily saw he had discovered a fortune. Surely such wealth could not belong to a poor mountaineer. How then had the owner of the premises come in possession of it?

Had he stolen it from some traveling dealer in gems after murdering the man, perhaps? The Balkans hardly seemed the place for an unattended dealer to travel through with such a large stock. Where, then, had the gems come from? It was a poser, and Jack didn't bother thinking out an answer to it. He looked the gems carefully over in the candle light and was satisfied they were worth a lot of money. Then he put the box aside and lighted a fire. He had his supper, such as it was—the fourth time he had tackled the same bill of fare—and once more amused himself with the glitter of the gems.

A piece of thin parchment fitted to the bottom of the box, and Jack did not disturb it till he noticed there was writing on it. Then he dug it out and found that the writing was quite unintelligible to him. It was either Arabic, Sanskrit, or something of that kind. At any rate, it wasn't Greek, nor Turkish, nor Bulgarian, nor any modern language. He was about to replace it when he noticed there was writing on the back. Jack was surprised to find it was English, written in a fine hand. It ran as follows:

"I am lost in the Balkans, and without food or water I can get no further. To-night the wolves will get me and that will be my finish. This box of gems, worth, I judge, over \$10,000, has been my undoing. I took it from a tomb at Adrianople, where it has been hidden for a hundred years or more. I discovered the box by accident, but my presence in the mosque being discovered, I was followed and narrowly escaped arrest. I had to fly to save myself. I was dogged by two disguised Turks wherever I went, and finding I could not avoid them in the ordinary way, I came to the Balkans. They followed me, but I lost them among the passes, and in the end I lost myself, and this treasure will do me no good. Some day it will be found with what is left of my bones, and I hope the finder will have better luck than I have had with it. The writing on the reverse is in Arabic. It probably gives the history of the gems, for I found it in the box. I could not read it. And now all I ask of the person who finds this is——"

The rest was illegible. Jack thought it might be deciphered with the help of a strong magnifying glass. After some consideration he put the parchment in his pocket, dumped the gems into his berry-stained handkerchief, filled the dilapidated tin case with pebbles, jammed the cover back so it held, and shoved it under the bottom of the fire he had built, after covering it thickly with dead ashes. Then he went to bed. He was not disturbed during the night, and, making a bundle of the remaining food, he started off early in the morning, hoping to run across other habitations, if not a small village, that day. He proceeded quite cheerfully, for he had food enough to last three days by economizing it, and his water-bottle was once more full.

"This is a mighty strange adventure after all,"

he thought as he walked along. "I have found a fortune in gems in the wilderness, and have so far escaped death myself owing to my luck in chancing upon that hut. I am beginning to believe that I shall get out of my muddle after all. I have tramped a considerable distance, and I think it is time I came across some evidence of ordinary civilization. At any rate, I'm good for three or four days more, and within that time something ought to turn up."

Nothing turned up that day, though he covered many miles of rough ground. He was still as much lost in the Balkans as on the morning he woke up and found that Angelico, his guide, had treacherously abandoned him to his fate. That night he took the precaution to roost among the branches of a stout tree. He was down in the depths of the range where the weather was not so cold as he had at first experienced it, though it was chilly enough at night for a thick cloak to be comfortable.

Next day, with his provisions somewhat reduced, he marched on again. His shoes were showing signs of going to pieces under the rough usage they were subjected to. About noon he came across another hut, but there was nothing in it to speak of. The owner had abandoned it for good. Soon after leaving the hut, where he rested for an hour and ate a frugal meal, he came upon a pass. This showed signs of travel by man and beast. Jack felt greatly encouraged. Walking was easier here, for the ground was nearly on a level, and there were no obstructions in the way. The pass widened out into a sort of amphitheater, and here he found a lake, which he had to go around.

It took an hour to do that, and then he entered a second pass. This, like the first, was bordered by frowning battlements of rock, some of which looked as if they were ready to topple over at any moment, and yet they had stood the storms of a century or more. Night caught the boy on a plain between two passes. There wasn't a tree to climb, nor a cave to retreat to, nor was there any wood within easy reach to start a fire. If the wolves came down on him his fate was sealed. He plodded on, a moving shadow in the semi-darkness. All around him the Balkan mountains towered toward the sky, though here their peaks were miles apart. Although Jack was tired and the evening well advanced, he never thought of resting on that plain. It might have been as good a place to rest as any spot he was approaching, but that wasn't his opinion. He was thinking of the wolves.

They were as likely to come on the plain as anywhere else, so he figured. Suddenly he heard a succession of sharp cracks at a distance in his rear. The sounds bore no resemblance to the yelps of wolves, but Jack gave a nervous start just the same. He hurried his steps. The cracks came nearer and he heard the sounds of hoofs on the ground. He began to run, but the sounds came closer and closer.

"No use. I cannot get away," said Jack, stopping and facing about.

Then he recognized the shouting of a man mingled with the cracks. Things became quite clear to him. A team was approaching at a rapid gait. Jack pulled out his revolver and fired it in the air. The cracks ceased and the oncoming team

slowed down. It came out of the semi-gloom and stopped near the boy. The driver, addressing him in Bulgarian, asked him what was wrong.

"I've been lost in this range for nearly a week. I want a lift as far as the place you are going to. Will you help me out?" said Jack.

The driver turned to some one in the wagon and spoke to him. Jack was invited to get in, which he did with alacrity, and sank down completely fagged out. The wagon then went on again. Jack explained that he was an American and was on his way to the village of Kiva with a guide, but the man robbed and deserted him, after taking him far out of the right course.

"Make yourself easy, friend," said the owner of the wagon, "I am going to Kiva, and will take you there."

Jack felt like shouting, only he was too tired to do so.

CHAPTER X.—The Sweets of Fame.

The owner of the team told Jack that Kiva was only about ten miles away.

"That's good news," said the boy. "Now, my friend, my object in going to that village was to pay a visit to a man named Buto. I met him at the vilayet of Monastir just before the war broke out, and owing to a little difficulty we had there, Buto, his daughter and myself had to flee from the place. Did he and Mira reach Kiva in safety?"

The man stared at his passenger for a moment before replying.

"What is your name, sir?" he said, in a peculiar tone.

"Jack Wood. I am a war reporter with the Bulgarian army, and would not be here now but I was severely wounded by a spent shell and was sent to the military hospital at Philopopolis."

"Why, my young friend, you are supposed to be dead, murdered by the Turks. Buto, when he and his daughter returned to the village, after their visit to Monastir, told all his friends about their whirlwind flight through northern Macedonia. He said they owed their final escape to an American war correspondent named Jack Wood, who sacrificed his life to save them. Mira Buto is still mourning for the fate that she believes befell you, and here you turn up alive and well after all. Why, you'll be received as one back from the grave, and the village will hold festivities in your honor. I consider it an honor to bring you to the village. It will raise me in the estimation of Buto, who is the head man of the place. Tell me how you escaped from those Turks. Buto said you had not the ghost of a chance for your life when he took advantage of your heroism to escape with his daughter."

Jack satisfied his curiosity, and the man declared he was a wonder.

"But I've often heard that you Americans were capable of anything," he concluded.

Two hours later they entered the village, and the team was driven straight to the two-story house occupied by Buto. There were lights in the lower windows, and the figures of two or three people could be seen inside.

"Thanks, my friend, for the ride you have given me. I will see that you lose nothing by it. Now, good-night, till I see you again, which I hope to do to-morrow."

Jack sprang out of the wagon and, going up to the door, pounded on it. It happened that Mira answered the door herself in place of a servant. The boy recognized her at once and, forgetting that she had believed him dead for months, he stepped in and grabbed both her hands.

"I'm awfully glad to see you again, Mira," he said impulsively.

The light shining through the open inner door played full on Jack's countenance, and Mira identified every feature of the face that stood enshrined in her sorrow-stricken heart. She uttered a piercing shriek that not only startled her father and every one in the room beyond, but aroused the immediate neighbors, and fainted dead away. Jack caught her as she was failing, and she lay limp in his arms when Buto and his friends came rushing out to learn what had happened.

"What is the matter with Mira? What caused her to——" cried Buto, then he stopped as his eyes rested on Jack's face.

"Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed, starting back.

"Take your daughter, Buto. She has fainted," said the boy. "Don't you recognize me—Jack Wood?"

"Not dead! Is it really you, Wood?" ejaculated Buto.

"It is really me, sir. I got away from the Turks right after you and Mira effected your escape."

"Heaven be praised!" cried Buto, embracing the young man, and then taking his daughter in his arms he called for a female servant, who was close by, having run on hearing her mistress shriek out.

While Mira was borne to her room to recover from her fainting spell, Jack was fairly dragged into the living-room by Buto, who could hardly believe he was the heroic young American war reporter until he had looked him all over in the full glare of the lights.

"How did you escape?" asked the Hungarian eagerly. "Why, you did not appear to have a single chance for your life."

Jack told his story. Hardly had he concluded when the woman servant appeared and told Buto that the girl wanted to see him. The Hungarian let the room, but soon came back.

"Come with me," he said to the boy.

He led Jack upstairs, opened a door and told him to walk in. Jack did so, and the door closed behind him. Standing in the center of the room was Mira. She uttered a little cry and took a step forward. Then she stopped and covered her face with her hands.

"Mira," said Jack, going to her and taking her hands from her face, "are you glad to see me? Are you glad that I escaped from that rascally Hamet?"

She looked at him with shining eyes and blushing cheeks.

"Yes, oh, yes," she cried eagerly.

"Mira, do you love me?" Jack said, holding out his arms to her.

"Oh—Jack!" she said.

That was answer enough for the young American. He quickly encircled her with his arms, and she dropped her head on his shoulder with a sigh of infinite happiness and content.

"Do you remember the last words you spoke

to me—I won't leave you! I will die with you! I love you!" Do you remember them?" he said, in a thrilling tone.

Did she remember them? Had she ever forgotten them? She threw her arms around the boy's neck and clung to him convulsively as that fearful scene passed across her memory once more. How often she had pictured it, and the scene her imagination told her had followed!

"Do you remember them?" repeated Jack.

"Yes, yes; oh, yes!"

"And you would have died with me if you could have done so?"

"Yes, a hundred times yes. I love you—I love you—I love you!"

Then Jack kissed her. There was a great time in the mayor's house that night. And there was a great time in the village next morning, for the news had circulated like wildfire that the heroic young American who had saved Buto and his daughter had turned up alive after all. The streets in front of Buto's house soon swarmed with the villagers, eager to get a sight of the boy. A perfect sea of faces greeted his appearance on the little second-story balcony when he was led out there by Buto and Mira. He was cheered to the echo, and he graciously acknowledged the tempestuous acclaim, bowing to the right and left with smiling face. It was the first time he had ever received a public ovation, and it was certainly a corker, and one he never would forget. He was regarded as a real hero by the villagers.

Had he been a victorious Bulgarian general he could not have been accorded greater enthusiasm. That day became a holiday in his honor. When he walked forth later with Mira, every hat came off to him as he passed, and the people vied with one another to show him the most profound respect and honor. Jack told Buto and Mira the strenuous story of his experience when lost in the mighty Balkans, and the girl shuddered at his narrow escape from death. Buto was furious at the treacherous conduct of Angelico, the guide. Believing the rascal had returned to the town from which he and the boy had set out, he dispatched an official letter by a special messenger to the authorities of the place, requesting that he be searched for and attested. If he was not to be found, Buto asked that the authorities of Philippopolis and Sofia be notified, and means taken to capture him. He had told Jack in his parting note that he intended to go to America, and this clue was furnished to the police by Buto.

When Jack told Buto and Mira about the gems he had found in the mountain hut, and exhibited his prize, they were lost in wonder at the beauty and value of the stones. He translated to them the note written by the American who had taken them from the tomb in the Turkish mosque at Adrianople, and showed them the Arabic writing on the reverse. Buto said that Jack had a clear right to keep and dispose of them under the conditions by which they came into his possession, and said that the proceeds would make him a wealthy young man. At the same time he advised Jack to keep the matter a profound secret, and to sell them by degrees in different parts of Europe.

"I will take care of that," said the boy. "I have no wish to get into trouble over them."

Now, Mira, since your father has consented to our marriage when this Balkan war has been concluded, and as I shall in a few days return to the scene of action once more to fulfil my duty to my paper, I shall leave this fortune in jewels in your possession to take care of for me. But I want you to select from this collection as many of the choicest stones as you wish to form your wedding present from me, since being comparatively poor, as the world goes, I can give you nothing else worthy of your acceptance as the daughter of the most important citizen of Kiva."

"I do not ask for anything, Jack, dear, nor does father. It is our custom that you shall receive with me at his hands a dowry worthy of his station in life," said Mira, with a fond look. "In winning you as my future husband I have received all the temporal blessing Heaven can bestow upon me. I am at this moment superlatively happy in the knowledge of your love; and yet, my love, it is not without pain that I realize I must part with you for perhaps many months while this cruel war is going on. News is not received in our mountain village as quickly as elsewhere. It will be weeks, perhaps, before I shall hear from you after you have received the front. Then I will picture you exposed to all the dangers of war. Have you not already been grievously wounded, although not a soldier. What if some bullet should reach your heart and rob me of my life's happiness. Oh, my love, how can I let you go?" she cried, bursting into tears.

Buto retired to allow Jack to comfort the girl, and this he succeeded in doing when he reminded her that it was her duty as a Bulgarian to sacrifice her personal feelings that he, her fiancé, should fulfil his mission to his newspaper, since he was bound in honor to do so.

CHAPTER XI.—Conclusion.

Two weeks later Jack was back with the Bulgarian army and again in journalistic harness. Angelico had not been caught, as far as Jack had heard, and he judged that the rascal had made good his escape, and was on his way to Armenia. Shortly after Jack got to the front a great battle was fought, lasting over two or three days, and though it proved a victory for the Bulgarians, the carnage was something frightful on both sides. It carried a wall of grief all through the country of the Balkans, and as Jack knew Mira would be in a state of painful uncertainty till she heard from him, he sent her word at once through the channels agreed upon with Buto. Among the prisoners taken by the Bulgarians were many officers. Some of these were more or less wounded—many badly. Among the latter Jack ascertained were Mustapha Hamlet. The Turk, as worthy of his ancestry, had shown great bravery in the battle. He and his regiment had stood by the guns of a field battery, supporting it, which had carried death and destruction among the Bulgarians. This battery had broken down several charges desperately made at the point of the bayonet, and the Mauser rifles of the supporting regiment had seconded its efforts well. As the battery held the key to the situation, it had to be taken at all hazard.

Before the first attempt to rout it out the Turkish position had been swept by the shells

of a battery of great guns some distance away. The Turks stood the hail of steel, and when the first charge came they grimly repulsed it. Another hail of shells followed and then the second charge was directed against the battery, but human flesh and blood could not stand up against the Turkish fire. The Turkish trenches, however, were dripping blood under the awful fire of the heavy guns which had got their exact range, and so when the third and final charge was made, they and the supporting regiment were swept away like chaff, and in that desperate assault Mustapha Hamlet went down mortally wounded. Jack visited the hospital to see the wounded officers, and he recognized Hamlet. The Turk recognized him. Across the minds of both flashed the scene at the village when the young war reporter euchered the officer. Hamlet had never forgotten his young enemy, much less forgiven him.

"Accursed Giaour!" were the words his blood-stained lips formed with his fleeting breath.

"Mustapha, the surgeon says there is no hope for you. You will die within the hour. Let us bury the past. Why carry your enmity into the grave?"

The officer uttered an oath.

"Mustapha, why spoil the finish of your military career? The Bulgarians say that you fought like a lion, and for a time seemed to bear a charmed life. They say you might have escaped in the confusion of the rout had you minded to, instead of which you stuck to your colors till you were struck down. As a soldier and an officer I honor you," said Jack, removing his hat. "You have proved yourself one of the bravest of the brave in the face of certain death. The Sultan should be proud of such a soldier. Such is my opinion of you as an officer. There is my hand—the hand of a foreigner and an American. What has passed between us individually is of the past. In these few last moments of your life let us forgive and forget. Is not that one of the tenets of Mahomet, whom you expect to meet in the world to come?"

A great struggle was going on in the breast of the dying man. He hated the young American for the blow he had received at his hands, and for doing him out of the Bulgarian beauty, but the blood of the soldier was stronger than the hate of the man, and it rose supreme when Jack removed his hat and complimented him on his bravery.

"Allah's will be done," he whispered. "You have conquered me. I retract the curse and die at peace with you."

Reader, I have finished. The Balkan war is over and Jack Wood is back in New York, a person of some importance among his newspaper associates. And with him is his bride—the beautiful and happy Mira of the village of the Balkans, who by virtue of her marriage now owes allegiance to the American flag. And Jack has realized over \$100,000 from the gems he found when lost in the Balkans.

Next week's issue will contain "PLUNGING TO WIN; or, THE DEALS OF A WALL STREET OFFICE BOY."

CURRENT NEWS

SHIP HIDES DIRECTION OF COURSE BY CAMOUAGE

Striking examples of marine inventions performed during the last days of the war are demonstrated on the steamer Bembridge which is in port at Sydney, N. S. W.

Her foremast is placed several feet starboard of the keel to mislead submarines, and her funnel, much shorter than that of the average steamer of her tonnage, is over the keel, so that it is impossible to tell by looking through the periscope of a submarine which way the steamer is proceeding.

Smoke may be diverted from the funnel to a passageway near the waterline, so that the vessel may make an effective screen in emergencies.

LARGE GRAY WHALE SPORTS IN THE SURF

The spectacle of a large gray whale coming inshore to scratch itself was observed at Moclips, Wash., one afternoon recently. The whale came in through the surf where the depth of water was barely sufficient to float it, and lay for twenty to thirty minutes in the breakers, rolling and playing as seals often do, pushing itself with half-extended fins, and then making a playful spring with bended flukes, the immense body striking the

surface with a tremendous smack, audible for a mile or so.

It is believed the whale came into the sandy beach to rub away clusters of barnacles and other crustaceans hanging on its breast and dorsal flippers, or to scratch off "cooties," said to infest them.

Bathers later ascertained that the extreme depth of water in which the whale played was less than eleven feet, and they saw the depression the animal scooped in the ocean's sandy floor.

SMALLEST RAILROAD IN THE WORLD

During the war the Governors Island, Fort Jay, Castle Williams and Filled Ground Railway, with its one engine, two flat cars, a gondola and a box car, and its 29,000 feet of track, was a very busy road. The termination of hostilities killed its usefulness, and now 28,000 feet of its track, 24 warehouses, half a mile of shedding and 5,800 heads of automatic sprinkler system are offered for sale, while the lone sergeant who ran the road has gone back to soldiering. What little is left of it after the sale will be scarcely longer than its name, and its title to the claim of being the smallest railroad in the world will be even more unassailable than before.

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Daring Dan Dobson

— OR —

THE BOY WHO BEAT THE MOONSHINERS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XX.

How Dan Leaped Into the Fire.

"It's Dobson!" exclaimed one of the men, and the others recognized their late prisoner.

"Yes, and I've come back to get you and your whole gang. I've got enough men to move you all to the penitentiary where you so richly deserve to be!"

Dan walked up to each man, took his weapons, and brought forth a fine collection of knives and pistols from their secret pockets and holsters.

"It's a pity you men are wasted on this mountain business—you fellows would be a lot better off in the army, ready to fight for Uncle Sam."

"The government—we hates it!" cried one man.

"Yes, that is where you are such fools!" retorted Dan Dobson. "If you only submitted to its laws, you would have a rich country and have nothing to fear."

He pointed toward a little room on the left, where he saw a light.

"March into that!" he commanded. "And remember, the house is surrounded."

Now the man in the hallway, by the front door, heard all this imaginary talk, and he realized that he had been made a fool of to the extent of believing that so many men were about.

He slipped into the door, and heard Dan talking out toward his own direction, as though there were a large squad of men there.

He came to the conclusion that this famous young man was continuing one of his daring schemes, and depending upon no one but himself.

So this man worked his way quietly to the door.

Dan nodded to Tom in the window.

"Give them the whistle! We want them all in now."

This was done, and the sheriff, with Zachary and the others, came on at double speed, surprised to receive the sign that a quiet conquest had been made.

The sheriff and his men came around the house, and as they did so they were surprised to see Dobson dashing toward the roadway.

"Where away, Dan?" cried the sheriff. "Don't get too far from us."

But Dan did not hear him.

He was intent upon capturing the man who had decided to leave while the way seemed clear.

Dan did not want to shoot the fellow in cold blood, and he chased along, hoping that his own fleetness of foot would save him the necessity of

giving a warning shot to ward off the moonshiners, whom he wanted to walk into the trap.

The man was speedier than our friend supposed.

He leaped along nimbly, knowing his ground, while Dan struck a stump here and ran into an overturned bench there, as the other purposely zigzagged toward the front road.

The man had reached the roadway, and Dan was right after him.

Down to the west the prisoner went, with his arms bound up, but his nimble legs free.

Before Dan realized it he was half a mile down the road, and the fellow had distanced him. The man was suddenly plunging into the brake at the side of the roadway, and Dan followed him, twigs snapping into his face, and everything impeding his progress.

He heard voices before him, and suddenly he was given the bitter experience of running into a group of three around a fire, who leaped up at his approach.

Bang! Bang!

Bullets whizzed past his head, for these men took no chances.

"There's Dobson!" cried the man he had been pursuing into the lion's den, as it were.

The men had him at their mercy, for in his running his gun had been at his side, while his revolver was in its holster.

What could he do?

He simply stopped, wishing to save himself from injury, hoping for a chance to escape.

The men around the fire laughed gleefully, as they unbound their companion, and listened to his story.

"Well, hyar's our prize, all right. We'll take him to Jake Newcastle, an' that'll do a lot towards puttin' us right with him. I think thar's goin' to be a lynchin'."

"Me, too, Pete!"

Dan could not resist an impatient reply.

"A lot of you fellows wouldn't run down a road where a jack rabbit was for fear he'd bite you—unless you were armed and had a gang with you!"

"Is that so? Well, shut up!"

And at this juncture one of the men swung a cruel blow against the lad's face, most unexpectedly, and knocked him flat and unconscious.

Little sympathy was wasted on prisoners in the hands of the moonshine men.

The men laughed, and hurriedly finished the work which they were on. It happened that this group was occupied with the distilling of liquor, and here in the heart of the woods was one of the biggest stills in the possession of Newcastle.

It was covered with a little two-angle roof of rough branches and logs, so as to keep it sheltered from the inclement weather.

They worked at the fire, and attended to various little necessary things for the making of the whisky.

(To be continued.)

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

SQUIRRELS AND GUNSTOCKS

Black walnut is a fine ornamental tree of fairly rapid growth. The Forest Service points out that the merry squirrel was really the agent that supplied our army with gunstocks; his habit of burying the nuts in open areas, where the saplings sprouting from them can secure the necessary sun, was "a big deposit to man's account in Nature's savings bank." There are about 821,000,000 feet of black walnut in the country, 50 per cent. of it available for commerce. It requires good agricultural soil, and if the supply is to be adequate there must be careful management of existing groves and the immediate establishment of new ones.

SALVAGES OLD NEWSPAPERS

A process to remove ink from old newspapers so the paper can be used again for printing purposes has been developed by the United States Forest Products Laboratory, Madison, Wis., according to an announcement recently. One mill under commercial conditions has deinked 1,500 tons of old newspapers and has remade the paper into newsprint stock of desired strength and color, which was accepted by publishers as standard, it is said.

Bentonite, a claylike substance formed from volcanic ash and found largely in Wyoming, is used in the deinking process. It dissolves the ink and leaves the paper perfectly clear, the announcement says.

Because of the cheapness of the new process laboratory officials say they believe that much of the 2,200,000 tons of newsprint annually used can now be salvaged.

CANADA'S COAL SUPPLY

Canada has six great coal fields; bituminous coal in Nova Scotia; in the Crow's Nest Pass region; in Northern Alberta; and on Vancouver Island; lignite in Saskatchewan and Manitoba; and anthracite in Northern British Columbia. Only the bituminous mines are being worked to any great extent. The lignite is a lower grade of coal which requires further processing to make it a satisfactory fuel and the anthracite is at present beyond the reach of transportation. Canada uses large quantities of anthracite coal, which she gets from the United States. The Canadian anthracite fields lie on the upper Skeena River, about 150 miles north of Hazelton, and a comparatively short line of railway to tide water at the mouth of the Naas or Skeena, or to Hazelton on the Grand Trunk Pacific, would, it is asserted, open up an immensely wealthy region comparable to the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. The Skeena coal is hard, smokeless fuel and is said to be very similar to the Pennsylvania product. It is a fine steam coal and is excellent for domestic uses.

WILD SHRUB THAT PRODUCES COCAINE

A traveller in Bolivia and Peru will come across a shrub growing wild which will remind him somewhat of the British blackthorn. It

bears a cluster of small flowers with yellowish-white petals which are succeeded by red berries. The leaves are oval and about an inch in length, and when crushed have a faint tealike odor.

This is the coca plant.

The leaves have for centuries been used by the natives as a masticatory. When chewed they allay the desire for food and prevent a feeling of fatigue when travelling or during great exertion.

Fifty years ago cocaine was practically unknown, says Pharmacist in the London Daily Mail. The dried leaves of the plant are the part used and these yield approximately 5 per cent. of cocaine.

From the leaves the cocaine is extracted in the form of crystals. But as these are soluble only in oils, alcohol, chloroform and some other vehicles, the cocaine is converted into a hydrochloric, which is easily soluble in water. In this form it may be used as a powder for sprinkling on the parts to be operated on or for sniffing into the nose, or as a solution for injection under the skin.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.,

166 West 23d Street,

New York City

THE BANK WATCHMAN'S STORY

By KIT CLYDE

"How long have I been a bank watchman?" repeated Daniel McShane, as he took the pipe from his mouth and slowly blew the smoke away. "Well, sir, I've put in over thirty years at it."

"But you are not more than forty now."

"Forty-one, sir, and I began the business when I was ten years old."

"That was a tender age, and there must be a story connected with your debut."

"Right you are, sir, and if you have half an hour to spare we'll have a pot of beer together, and I'll tell you the yarn. When I was a kid of eight my father was made night watchman of the old Traders' Bank of Philadelphia. Everything was very primitive then, as you may remember. There were bad men about, but there was no need of burglar-proof safes and time locks to circumvent them. Banks were then run about the same as stores. The Traders' opened at eight in the morning and closed at five in the afternoon, and the last official did not leave until seven, at which time my father went on duty. He was on from that hour until seven in the morning, but was not supposed to be awake all the time. He had a cot bed in the office, and many a night he slept all night without once opening his eyes, although he was supposed to sleep so lightly that every noise would arouse him. He was provided with a club and a shotgun, and there was no fear of his honesty or courage.

"Things went on very quietly for a couple of years, and I was then employed as a sort of messenger boy by a restaurant man who kept his place open all night. If a drunken man came in, which was a nightly occurrence, or a loafer sought to jump his bill, which was often the case, I made a run of two blocks to the police station for an officer. In this way, and by acting as a waiter at one of the tables, I earned a small weekly salary, and in the bargain it was agreed that I should carry my father a lunch every night at midnight. This consisted of a pail of hot coffee, a sandwich, and a piece of pie. I was always off at the stroke of twelve, took a walk of two squares, and father was generally at the door waiting for me.

"You will readily see, sir, that the circumstances furnished a sharp man the occasion to do a big stroke of work, but it was two years before they were taken advantage of. Then a couple of crooks, one of whom was from England, set up the racket. For several nights I was followed from the restaurant to the bank and back. It was known why I made the trip, how father received me, and how long I remained inside. My time in the bank was about a quarter of an hour, and then father let me out, and sometimes stood at the door and watched me down to the corner. Well, as it turned out, the crooks put it up to get into the bank as I came out, or just after I had gone. They had timed the officer on that beat, and at half-past twelve he was invariably at the

other end of his beat, five squares away. The police business at that time was run in a haphazard way, and an officer could sit and sleep in a doorway or patrol his beat, as he was inclined. It was a pretty good man on that beat, but he was a slow walker and fond of his pipe. As his smoking was mostly done at the other end of his beat, he was certain to take his time about coming back.

"Did I have any suspicions? I did, sir. Begging your pardon for what seems like boasting, but I was accounted a very sharp boy at that age, and I think I realized father's responsibilities more than he did himself. I was always giving him a word of caution, and the very first time I was followed I suspected that some evil was intended, and I warned him not to open the door until I knocked. The next night the two men were close at my heels, and I would not knock until they had left me. Father agreed with me that it was best to be cautious, and next day the old gun was discharged and loaded anew. I was followed on the third, fourth and fifth nights, and it was on this latter night that the climax came. As I left the restaurant I was joined by one of the men, who claimed to be a vessel owner, and who asked me how I would like to go to sea. He gave me a lot of taffy about my being the smartest boy he ever saw, and wishing to do something for me, and as we arrived at the bank door he halted with me, and said he would step in and see father. At the same time I saw the policeman smoking his pipe in the next door.

"Now, sir, I hope you won't lay it up against me for saying that I tumbled to the racket at once, for that is the truth. While I swallowed none of the taffy given me, I no sooner saw the policeman at that point with his pipe alight than I twigged him for a pal in disguise. I had been observing things for two years, mind you, and such an innovation was not to be passed over. I explained to the man that it would be against the rules to admit him, and that he must see father next day, and after discussing the matter for a while he walked off. Then I gave four knocks on the door, and father finally came around to praise my caution. I left at about the usual time, and was glad to find the street deserted. I returned to the restaurant at a fast walk, but no sooner had I reached it than I wheeled about for the bank. It struck me all at once that the policeman had caught on to my four knocks, and that after I had gone the pair might seek to get father to the door by giving them. I dropped the dishes and started off on a run, and in three or four minutes was at the bank. The door was slightly open, and I jumped right against it and flung it back. A light was always left burning, and at a glance I saw that father was down and both men on top of him. They had his head covered with a cloth, and though he was calling out, his cries could not have been heard ten feet.

"The cot was at the left as you entered the bank, and the gun stood at the foot of it. Just the minute I was inside I realized what was going on, and the first move I made was for the gun. As I seized it and wheeled about one of the villains, who had been sitting on father's legs, reached out a foot and kicked the door shut, and

the other gave father two blows with a short iron bar, and then sprang up and faced me. Father straightened out, seeming to have been killed by the blows, and the sight gave me courage and determination. When both of the men were on their feet, the one in uniform commanded me to give up the gun. I held it in a way to cover both, hammer up and finger on the trigger, and I did not mean to give it up. For half a minute after the man spoke there was dead silence. The light hung from the ceiling between me and them, and although it was turned down, I could see the slightest move made by either. The false policeman picked up a stool, raised it above his head in a deliberate way, and said:

"Boy, put down that gun, or I'll brain you!"

"Hold on, Dick, let me shoot him," whispered the other, and he drew from his pocket one of the first revolvers I had ever seen.

"He had it pointed at me, when Dick stopped him by saying the report would arouse someone. Coward that he was, he dared not advance upon me, but suddenly flung the stool at my head. It struck the lamp with a crash, and in a second we were in darkness. The glass had not ceased rattling when I blazed away with the gun. It was loaded with swan shot, and I had put in a whole handful. There were three or four screams of rage and pain, and one went to the floor with a heavy crash, while the other staggered to the door, opened it, and staggered out. I was after him in a jiffy. It was moonlight outside, and I saw him in the middle of the street. I ran for him, shouting for the police, and as he turned and saw me I called to him to halt or I would give him the other barrel. Well, sir, I held him right there until an officer came to take him away, but I must tell you that he had three or four of the shot in his face and was badly dazed. When we entered the bank we found father sitting up and rubbing his head, and across his feet was the dead body of the other crook. Nearly the whole charge of shot had struck him in the breast, and he was dead inside of a minute.

"I've got the newspaper account pasted into a scrapbook. They made me out a hero, and they praised me much more than I deserved. I told the story just as it was to the bank people, and the result was that I was put in to watch with father, and we were there together for the next ten years. The wounded crook got a sentence to prison, and before he went he owned up like a man to all I have told you. They got father to open the door by giving four knocks, and they had him down before he knew what was up. If left undisturbed, they would have made a big haul, as the bank money was easy to get at. Since a week after that night I have been a bank watchman, and, though I have had no other chance to play the hero, the fact that I am kept in my place is evidence of faithfulness."

CATCH FISH WITH BIRDS

This curious method of catching fish with birds instead of hook and line has existed in Japan from time immemorial. Twenty-eight men, four

boats and sixty-four birds constitute a working unit of these picturesque fishing fleets to be seen in any sections of Japan, but particularly along the Nigara River.

The cormorants are trained when quite young and will continue to work fifteen and even twenty years. When well trained and properly handled each bird will average about 150 fish an hour.

The master fisherman, distinguished by his peculiar hat, stands in the bow handling no fewer than twelve birds with remarkable skill. Another fisherman, with four birds, is situated amidships, a third member of the crew is stationed between the two, armed with a piece of bamboo, which he strikes to keep the birds at their work, at the same time encouraging them by shouts and cries.

Each cormorant has a ring of metal or bone around the base of its neck, permitting it to swallow fish as food, but effectively stopping those of marketable size from passing through.

Round the body of the bird is a cord, to which is attached in the middle of the back a short strip of stiff whalebone, with which to lower the bird into the water or lift it out again, and a thin rein of spruce fiber, 12 feet long.

The master lowers his twelve birds into the stream and holds the reins in his left hand, manipulating them with his right as occasion requires. The second fisherman does the same with his four birds, while the third man begins his volley of noise.

The birds start diving and ducking with wonderful swiftness as the fish come swimming toward the blaze of light. The master has a busy time handling his twelve strings to prevent them tangling while the birds are dashing hither and thither.

When one of the birds becomes engorged it swims about in a foolish, helpless way, with its head and swollen neck erect, and the master hauls it in. He forces its bill open with his hand, still holding the other lines, and squeezes out the fish with his right, after which he returns the bird to its work. This is all done with such admirable dexterity and quickness that the other birds have not had time to become entangled, and immediately the whole team is again perfectly in hand.

Each bird has its own number and knows it. No. 1, or "Lchi," is the doyen of the corps, the senior in years as well as rank, and his companions, according to their age, come after him in numerical order. Ichi is the last to be put into the water and the first to be taken out, the first to be fed and the last to enter the baskets when the work is over. Ichi has the post of honor in the eves of the boat. He is a solemn, grizzled old fellow, with a pompous air. The others are placed alternately on either side of the gunwale, according to their rank, and, should the lawful order of precedence at any time be violated, a terrific rumpus occurs among them.

After the fishing is over, as each cormorant is taken out of the water, the master can tell by its weight whether it has had enough to eat during the hunt, and, if not, the bird is fed with the inferior fish that have been caught.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

HOW FAR FLIES TRAVEL

Experiments conducted by the Bureau of Entomology demonstrate that the house fly frequently journeys five or six miles in 24 hours, which emphasizes the sanitary importance of destroying breeding places. Some 234,000 flies of various species were dusted with finely-powdered red chalk and released. Baited fly traps were placed at measured intervals in all directions; thus the flights of different species were determined. The maximum distance traveled by the house fly was 13.14 miles.

A PIGEON'S LONG FLIGHT

An exhausted pigeon picked up at Columbus Circle, New York City, was found to bear a message from Edmund Heller, the well-known naturalist, now making a survey of the animals of Yellowstone Park. The message, upon being read, declared that the writer was lost on the Hoodoo Mountains, and asked that help be sent. It was addressed to his fellow-naturalist, Dan Singer, who identified the pigeon as one of a flock they had trained together, and promptly wired orders for a rescue party. As it is 1,900 miles from Yellowstone Park to New York, and the bird apparently made this in five days, it had to average 380 miles a day.

HORNED TOADS DRINK LESS THAN CAMELS

The horned toad rather than the camel should be the Prohibitionists' emblem, says the *Popular Science Monthly*. That this animal can live for 119 days not only without water but in an absolutely dry atmosphere has been demonstrated by Prof. F. G. Hall of the University of Wisconsin.

The scaly, impervious skin of the toad prevents evaporation from its body, it is found, while its organs are adapted to excrete insoluble crystals of uric acid instead of a fluid. Any water absorbed when the toad does take a drink remains in the body, keeping the blood fluid almost indefinitely. How well the animal is protected is shown by the fact that after four months in an atmosphere made absolutely dry by inclosing a

pan of concentrated sulphuric acid in the container, the toad lost only 35 per cent. of its weight. Under the same conditions an angleworm lost 65 per cent. in four hours, and warm-blooded animals would have lost weight nearly as fast.

Unlike the toad experimented upon by Prof. Hall, the camel does not really go without a drink but simply converts stored up fat into moisture. An Arab picks out a camel with a fat, well-developed hump for travel in the desert. The camel will not drink on the journey, but at the end of the trip the hump is thin and shrunken. As the camel's tissues start to dry, the oxygen dissolved in the blood attacks the fat and changes it into water. Since part of this "metabolic water" comes from the air, a pound of fat makes several pounds of fluid.

LAUGHS

"What is it wound up on that cart?" asked the old lady visiting the fire house. "Fireman's hose," was the answer. "Excuse me," she said indignantly, "you can't tell me that any fireman or any one else ever had legs to fit those things."

One day Ernest had been seriously lectured by his mother, and finally sent to the yard to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon, and said: "I couldn't find any switch, mamma, but here's a stone you can throw at me."

"What became of that little kitten you had?" inquired the visitor of the small boy of the house. "Why, haven't you heard?" "No; was it drowned?" "No." "Lost?" "No." "Did you give it away?" "No." "Then whatever did become of it?" "It grewed up into a cat."

A school teacher sought to reprove a boy who had failed to solve an example. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the teacher. "When George Washington was your age he was a surveyor." "Well," came the quick response, "when he was your age he was President of the United States."

The Visitor—You have a very fine view here, my friend. The Guide—Ay can sometimes see a long way. The Visitor—(facetiously)—Ah, I suppose you can see America when it's clear? The Guide—Farther than that. The Visitor—Ah, is that so? The Guide—Yes; if you wait a while, you'll see the moon.

"You are charged with selling adulterated milk," said the judge. "So I understand, your honor," said the milkman. "I plead not guilty." "But the testimony shows that your milk is 25 per cent. water," said the judge. "Then it must be high-grade milk," returned the milkman. "If your honor will look up the word milk in your dictionary you will find that it consists of from 80 to 90 per cent. water. I'd ought to have sold it for cream."

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FROM ALL POINTS

LARGE STRAWBERRIES

Ernest M. Hurley of Wetipquin, this county, brought to Salisbury, Md., the other day some of the largest strawberries ever seen here. The berry, originated and named by Mr. Hurley, is called the "Blue Cross." Some of those brought here measured six inches in circumference and, unlike many of the new varieties, the berry is solid.

CRABS THAT STEAL EGGS

Crabs are not usually looked upon in the light of a nuisance, but there are some species which cause bother and alarm.

Oddly enough, the fisherman of Japan has a supreme contempt for the gigantic crab of his coast, which has nippers ten feet in length, and when moving along the bottom of the sea with its claws spread out covers an area of twenty-two feet or so.

The destructiveness of certain species of crab in the West Indies is remarkable. On Grand Cayman they are as heartily detested as the rat. They are great burrowers, and in localities where they are plentiful—and they multiply with the rapidity of the rodent—nothing is safe from them. They will eat even the eggs on which a hen is setting as greedily as the hen herself if she does not run away, and just as rapidly the leaves of seedling cocoanut trees. They effect in the West Indies practically the same great degree of destruction on the young cocoanuts as the sepoy crab does in the East Indies. In each instance some 8 to 11 per cent. of the seedlings have to be replaced if they are planted in newly cleared ground from which the crabs have not been thoroughly cleared out.

These land crabs destroy vegetation and are responsible for frequent patches of bare soil in the bush, which, when the crabs are gone, soon become covered again. Into their holes they take things for which they cannot conceivably find any use—a knife, a boot, a book and any tools they find lying about. During the drier months in the earlier part of the year they go underground to change their shells, and add to their destructiveness by thoroughly barricading the mouths of their burrows with all sorts of rubbish, reinforced with tree shoots and young saplings, nipping them off or uprooting them.

No crab, however, has the infamous reputation—fabulous it most likely is—of the sepoy crab of the Indian Ocean and Eastern waters. This crustacean, often seen on the shores of coco islands, and sometimes, although seldom by day, climbing up the coco palm to steal the fruit, is between a crab and a lobster.

The sepoy spends its time stealing cocoanuts, dragging them to the mouth of its burrow among the tree roots, peeling them and eating the almond lining. The sepoys—so called from the blue and white uniform of the soldiers (Sepoys) of the old East Indian Company—about two feet long, are not feared by the natives, who put their

arms into their holes and seizing the claws in a bunch whip them out suddenly.

But they speak with awe of the rare monster crabs that exceed three feet in length, and one of them is said to have once stolen a child. This is told not only in the islands of the Mauritius and of Diego Garcia, but so far apart as Lord Hood's Island in the Pacific, where the sepoy is also found.

ABOUT EARTH EATERS

In several parts of the world the dearth of food compels men to nourish themselves with certain kinds of earth which possess a true nutritive power. Travellers are too unanimous on this point to allow of our doubting it. The fact too was known at a far more distant epoch than is generally supposed, for it is mentioned in the old and curious book of Naude in defence of the great men accused of magic. It is there said that certain earths of the Valley of Hebron are good to eat.

Toward the mouth of the Orinoco the Ottomacs, a native tribe, at certain seasons of the year nourish themselves to a great extent with a fat ferruginous clay, of which they consume as much as a pound and a half a day. Spix and Martius say that a similar custom is found on the banks of the Amazon; and those learned travellers relate that the natives there eat this earth even when there is no lack of more substantial food. We also know that an edible clay is sold in the markets of Bolivia. Gliddon tells us that there are a number of earth eating tribes in North America and there are clay eaters in the Carolinas and Georgia.

Naturalists, struck with these accounts, were anxious to make out the composition of these edible earths and to their astonishment discovered that some of them were species of clays containing a considerable number of fresh water infusoria or microscopic shells; so that we might suppose that these clays owe their properties to animal matter they have retained and that it is this which furnishes man with this truly antediluvian food, composed of the remains of microscopic animals.

But nature has not stopped here; she has now and then produced a perfect animalized meal. There is nothing necessary but to make it into bread. In fact, it is well known that in times of dearth the Laplanders nourish themselves with a white mineral dust, which they substitute for cereal products. Retius, who examined this meal, found that it was composed of nineteen species of infusoria, similar to those now found around Berlin; and the scientist has shown that this skeleton dust, which is also found in Finland and Sweden, owes its nutritive qualities to a certain amount of animal substance which chemical analysis detected after so many ages.

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GOOD READING

BIG RUSH FOR DIAMOND MINES

The biggest rush in the history of South Africa's alluvial diamond diggings occurred at Mosesberg, sixty miles from Kimberley, recently, when about 15,000 diggers from all parts of the Union and Rhodesia pegged out their claims.

The line of start for the peggers extended more than four miles, and immediately after the proclamation was read the diggers, each carrying four pegs, rushed to the points they favored. There were no casualties, which is regarded as remarkable, considering the number of claimants and the excitement engendered by the rush.

THE LARGEST DIAMOND

The famous Cullinan diamond which was discovered in the New Premier mine in the town of Cullinan, in the Transvaal, South Africa, is the largest on record. Its weight was a little over 3,025 carats, or 9,566 grains. It was presented in 1907 to King Edward VII by the Transvaal Government to ornament the crown and scepter of Great Britain. It has now been cut into two of the largest brilliants in the world, weighing respectively 516 and 309 carats, and about 100 smaller brilliants. Cullinan, where it was found, is about 20 miles from Pretoria. The Cullinan was more than three times the size of any other known diamond and was found in yellow ground. It is clear and water white and may be only a portion of a still larger stone. Upon its purchase by the Transvaal Government it was sent to Amsterdam, Holland, to be cut. All the stones are flawless and the finest in existence.

NEURITIS DUE TO TOO TIGHT WRIST WATCH

Be careful not to bind the strap of your wrist watch too tight. Several cases of neuritis in the fingers and hands have been traced to this cause. Dr. John S. Stopford tells in the *Lancet* of a student who experienced tingling pains along the inner borders of the hand and in the little finger. These had persisted for some time and caused discomfort and anxiety. On examination a tender point was discovered on the dorsal surface of the styloid process of the ulna, and pressure in this situation caused pain to radiate from this point into the dorsal cutaneous branch of the ulnar nerve. There was no sign of paresis or atrophy of any of the intrinsic muscles of the hand, nor were any trophic changes found. On investigating a cause for this localized neuritis the only possibility appeared to be the wearing of a tight wristlet watch, which clearly could produce compression of the dorsal cutaneous branch of the ulnar nerve as it curved round the lower extremity of the ulna. On discarding the wristlet the discomfort gradually disappeared.

PHOTOGRAPHER DROPS 24,206 FEET IN PARACHUTE

Capt. A. W. Stevens, aerial photographer, of McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, established a new

parachute jumping record on June 12 when he descended 24,206 feet to safety.

Another record was broken at the same time when Lieut. Leigh Wade piloted a twin-motored Martin bomber, carrying three passengers, to an altitude of 24,206 feet, it was announced.

Captain Stevens ascended in the same plane with Lieutenant Wade.

The pilot, accompanied by Stevens and Sergt. Roy Langham, observer, took off at 11 a. m. and reached the maximum altitude at 1 p. m., requiring two hours and five minutes to make the climb.

Reaching the maximum height, the party partook of refreshments and Stevens made ready for his leap.

When he left the plane he did not permit his chute to be opened by the wind and then lift him off, but leaped over the side and dropped several thousand feet before it opened and checked his drop.

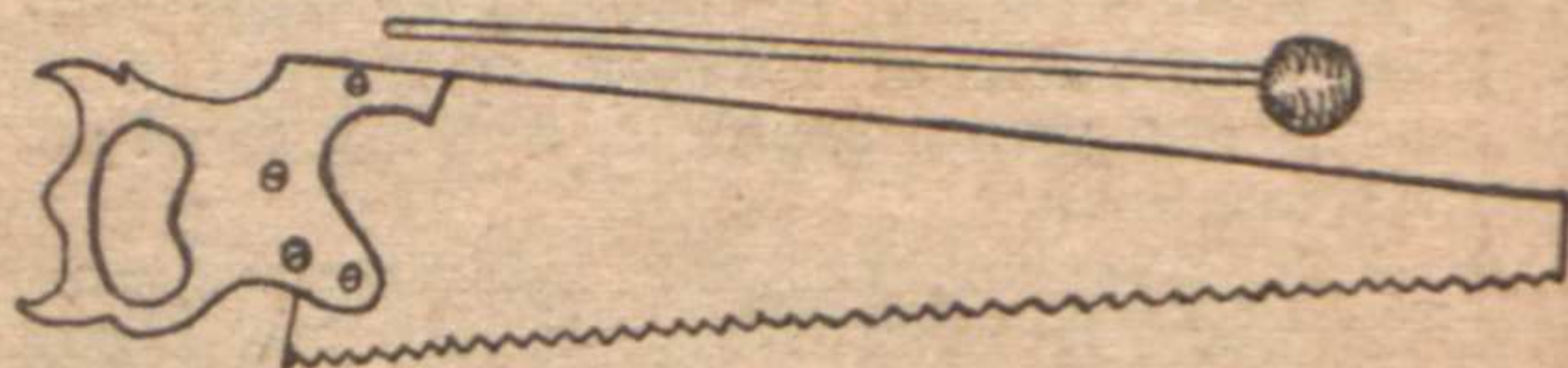
The oxygen tank which he had sewn to his flying suit was torn off in the leap and lost.

Thirty minutes were required for the descent. He left the plane while over Springfield and landed at Jamestown, a small village twenty-five miles southwest of Dayton.

Flying conditions were ideal. The temperature on the ground was 75 degrees and zero was reached at the maximum altitude. So strong was the wind at 24,206 feet that the motors, which were traveling at about 100 miles an hour, only served to keep the ship upright and the wind forced it backward at a speed of about twenty miles an hour, Wade said upon descent.

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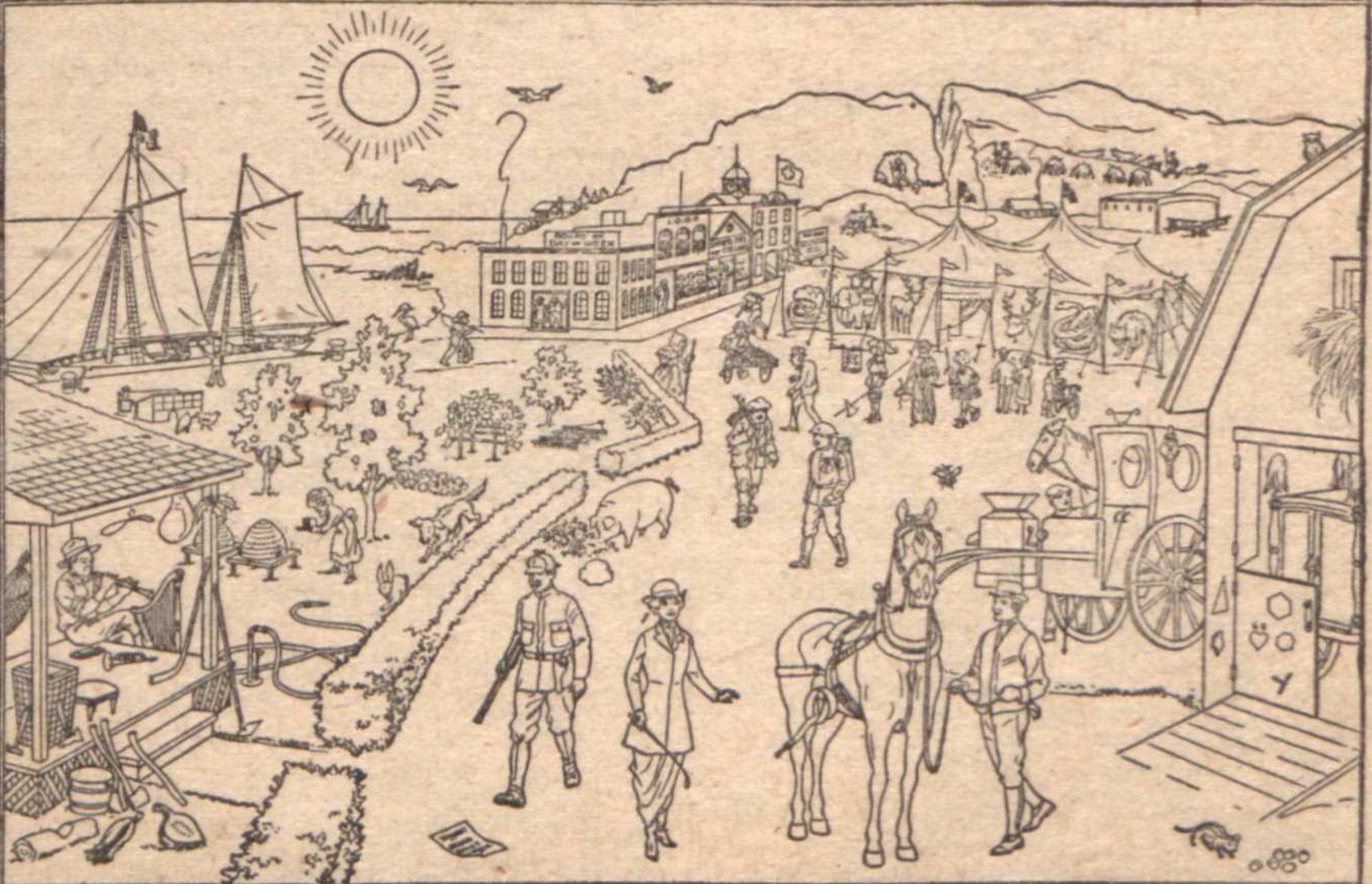
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3rd Prize	20	50	100	375
4th Prize	20	35	65	175
5th Prize	10	25	40	100
6th to 15th Prizes—each	1	2	5	10

Read These Rules:

- Any person living in America (outside of Chicago, Ill.), except employees of Home Folks Magazine or their relatives, may submit an answer. There is no entrance fee.
- The answer having the largest number of words which correctly name objects beginning with the letter "H" will win first prize, and so on down the list of 15 prizes. The winning list will be made up from the words submitted by the contestants, and not controlled by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges as being the correct or "master" list. In case of ties for any prizes offered, full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.
- Use only English words. Words of the same spelling but different meaning, and synonymous words will count only once. Either the singular or plural may be named, but not both. An object may be named only once, but its parts may also be named. Answers must not include hyphenated, compound or obsolete words, or words not applicable to objects shown in the picture. For each word that is incorrect, a percentage

- will be deducted from the total number of correct words. Webster's International Dictionary will be final authority.
- Write your list of words on one side of the paper only. Number words consecutively—1, 2, 3, 4, etc. An enlarged picture will be furnished free on request.
- Three judges, independent of and having no connection with "Home Folks" Magazine will make the decisions and award the prizes. Their decisions must be accepted as final and conclusive. Prize winners will be notified immediately after the judges have made their decision, and names of the winners and winning list of words will be published in "Home Folks" as soon as possible after the close of the contest.
- Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any household or group.
- All word lists must be received not later than office closing time, September 20, 1922, but subscriptions to Home Folks Magazine sent to qualify lists for the prizes will be accepted if received up to office closing time Oct. 7th.

The Horse wears a Harness. On the woman in the foreground there is Hat, Head, Hand. That's five words to start on. How many more can you find? Write down the "H" words as you find them. See how easy it is. Nothing is hidden. You can win \$1,500.

Open to Everybody!

It doesn't cost one cent to enter this contest or to win a prize. If you send no subscription to "Home Folks" and your list is the largest which correctly names the "H" objects in the picture, you will be awarded first prize of \$40.

How to Win the \$1500

Remember, you do not need to send in any subscriptions in order to win a cash prize. But if you send in \$1 for one 5-year subscription and the judges decide your list is best, you win \$200 instead of \$40. If you send in \$2 for two 5-year subscriptions, and are awarded first prize, you get \$400. But if you send us \$5 for five 5-year subscriptions, and win first prize, you get \$1500; for the second best list you would get \$750; for third best list \$375, etc., as shown in Class D prize column. Win all you can.

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The Indian hunter and white men who traded for the pelt estimated the weight of the animal at 1,700 pounds.

The fact that Bruin was toothless and almost clawless leads natives who have inhabited the Anchorage section for generations to believe it is one long hunted. Their forefathers held a grudge against an old bear, because in an early day, he was alleged to have cornered and destroyed half the folk in a little sea coast fishing village.

The dead bear was of the Kodiak Island species, which are considered the largest of living bears. They are fish eaters largely, but are able to stalk large game. They are the only bears that do not turn and run from man, but advance first to frighten the hunter.

The head and skin is being mounted for the country home of a wealthy salmon merchant.

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